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HIS AND MINE.

BY ROWLAND BROWN.

Let her be his in the hours of pride, of pomp and revelry;
Let her be his in courtly crowds of young frivolity;
Amidst the blaze of the banquet lights, in the halls of dance and song;
I love her not for the admiring gaze of a gay and thoughtless throng.

Let her be his when exultant scorn shall beam from her eyes o' blue;
Let her be his when her warm cheek glows with a strange unnatural hue;
Let her be his when thoughtless words from thoughtless lips may fall;
Let her be his when Folly's lamps are alight in Vanity Hall.

Let her be his; aye let him caress with pride her jewelled hand;
Let her be his when she proudly walks with what the world calls grand;
Let her be his when her heart grows faint, and aweary of hollow mirth,
When her spirit thirsts for a loftier scene and nobler joys of earth.

Let her be his whilst the senseless crowd around her bend the knee;
Let her be his (for I feel such scenes can awake no joy in me,)
Let her be his for the transient hours such joys can charm the heart;
But let her be mine when the dreams of night for the smiles of morn depart.

Let her be mine when mocking hands no fading garlands wreathe;
Let her be mine when the scattered throngs no flattering incense breathe;
Let her be mine when the thoughts of night are past for the deeds of day;
Let her be mine when the lips take heed of the tale the heart would say.

Let her be mine in that holy place, to set love's signet ring;
Let her be mine in the blissful hour when the joy-bells merrily ring;
Let her be mine when her spirit feels it cannot happier be
Than to rest in the home she has made in my heart, and to live and die with me.

Let her be mine in the silent hour when angels hover by;
Let her be mine when none are near to hear the bosom's sigh;
Let her be mine when the light of heaven may rest on her placid brow;
Let her be mine when God alone can hear the whispered vow:

Let her be mine through the battle of life with smiles love-deeds to crown;
Let her be mine in the trying time when false friends on me frown;
Let her be mine in the hour of death to hear my last fond prayer;
And let her be mine in the worlds of light to love and to bless me there.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A LATE SINGULAR EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY F. B. PERKINS, AUTHOR OF "AN EXTRA JUDICIAL STATEMENT," &c.

There came a painter and established a studio in the metropolis for the painting of portraits.

After a somewhat suspicious fashion, he shortly began to use various modes of self-laudation, as a means of procuring business. Whereas we know that it is the peculiar prerogative of true merit to starve rather than to advertise itself or push itself into the notice of those who would not otherwise see it, therefore we usually make the conclusion general and absolute that nothing advertised can have merit. I cannot say how far this particular painter was a quack, or how far he may have merely proposed to himself the assumption of an independent basis of procedure, by a judicious presentation of his claims, without either a too frigid, stately and undemocratic pride on the one hand, or any efforts at self-recommendation which might justly be reckoned importunate and contemptible on the other. Yet it must be confessed that, as things go, it did appear a little uncomely when the painter publicly announced that he would paint a style of portraits quite unprecedented in power and correctness of expression, and which would stand the test of time in an uncommon manner. This protocol of the painter concluded with a mouthful of terms of art quite terrifying to the unlearned in his realm, among which "foreshortening," "aerial perspective," and "chiaro oscuro" were some of the easiest. On the whole, these proceedings of his were in appearance a little too much like some of the advertisements of pills that are to accomplish apocalyptic wonders in the stomach, or of unguents that are to do the like in respect to the hair; insomuch that every sick or dying man, and every bald man, would seem to be a wilful and perverse recusant of the favors of the sellers of these restoratives. Or perhaps his advertisements were even more like those other more flatulent paragraphs which have now for some years daily chronicled the advent of The Greatest Book of the Age.

Whatever might be his taste or his motives, however, thus he did; and, apparently because no painter equally skilful—either in paintings or else in proclamations—had of late appeared, he found no inconsiderable employment. For myself, I am by occupation a quiddler and a dilettante. At least I often transact business in the line of one or the other of those worshipful professions. And inasmuch as I was thus qualified to haunt picture-galleries and artists' studios, and the like resorts, I did not at all hesitate to spend a large share of my morning hours in the room of this new painter, watching him at his work, or silently chronicling various observations upon himself and his sitters; in addition to which share of my peculiar patronage I let it be understood in an indistinct manner, that great things might be expected to be said of him by me in the newspapers, and possibly in the magazines; in which he was to suppose that I was a potentate of unbounded sway.

I confess, however, that the painter rather suffered than invited my presence—as one might let a dog lie in his door-yard. He was not a person whom I could patronize; being an old man, of large frame and stately presence; and with wonderfully large, deep-set and awful eyes, of a lamp-like brightness, whose steady, piercing gaze it was hard to meet. Indeed from the very beginning—as I always said, and particularly after the singular and unaccountable imposition (as many persons termed it,) which he practiced upon so many of our first citizens was ended, and he had departed as suddenly as he came—from the very beginning, an irresistible force had seemed to pass forth from him, and to weigh me into silence: as if he were some mighty sorcerer, moving within an atmosphere of supernatural power, which acted upon all other souls coming within its sphere. This may, however, have been merely the instinctive though hardly conscious recognition by me of a great self-centered and majestically moving soul in him, seeing and living more widely and profoundly than any ordinary soul. Such have more than once been the souls of great artists—dwelling apart, like stars.

In fact I do not know what this influence was; let me proceed to state the circumstances which I have it in mind to narrate. This painter, as is the wont of those of his craft, was accustomed to entertain his sitters with conversation, while he was transferring their likenesses to canvas. As is well known, many great painters have been brilliant and fascinating conversationists; and by their skillful use of this power, interesting the sitter, and awakening his soul, they have caused his face to become instinct and animated with all the intensest and best of his life; and thus have provided themselves with the legitimate means of producing a portrait which should be accurately like and true, but yet better than the average face of the original. They "gave him his very best look;" by doing which they not only accomplished a desirable and permissible idealization of their subject, taking the face thus all lit and aglow with the divine fire of the soul within; but they have likewise by this *quasi* flattery so suited their customers as abundantly to increase both the extent of their fame and the weight of their purses. In this respect, however, the painter of whom I am speaking, had a practice widely different from the usual one. He talked to be sure. But it seemed to me as if he were, either purposely or through some unfortunate twist in his own mind, always endeavoring to keep his sitters in pain; to sadden, or terrify, or torture them; to wake up their deepest and most mournful memories, instead of blithe and joyous thoughts; to evoke the phantoms of the dead, instead of mirthful fairies, about them. I am not prepared to say that these grim conjurations did not reveal the truest phases of the nature of the sitters. Often, the profoundest depths of our souls are black and cold, like deep pools, insomuch that we dare not stir them; and we are fortunate if there are not buried in such depths, skeletons, and corpses, and fearful things that would gleam with a lurid lambent light if we stirred them. The truest aspects of our natures those may be; but are not such awful truths better veiled within each one's own heart? Should not it alone know its own bitterness?

But thus the painter did. I well remember, accordingly, how the atmosphere of gloom which had at first been a personal adjunct of the man, seemed gradually to infect his dim painting-room. The dark red-brown walls and closed windows made it gloomy; and the one heavy column of light that fell solidly through a single aperture, full upon the sitter, only cast the great masses of shadow in the remainder of the apartment into a deeper darkness. The stern and massive head of the painter, and his grand and powerful form, became to me the centre of a cold and sombre influence that rayed abroad throughout the chamber. I fell under its heavy shade immediately upon my entrance; and had not some intangible fascination drawn me and held me, I should not long have haunted such a gloomy studio.

I could see the cloud come floating over the countenances of the sitters as they entered. Whether gay and laughing girls, care-worn matrons, high-hearted young men, thoughtful seniors, or the feeble and the old, over every face crept the shadow, and upon every tongue came silence, as they took their seats. Instead of placing themselves as for a business pleasant and comfortable, such as is that of having one's self portrayed for the contemplation (and presumably for the admiration) of the community, they sat down as if oppressed with a great responsibility; as if the thing about to be done were some ceremony of profound and serious import, in the performance of which was involved some great pivotal point of life. It may be that to some it was so.

And after the business of the hour was commenced, instead of news, anecdote, wit and discursive observations, this strange painter would presently conduct the discourse to matters in the inner memory. He must, I often fancied, have had some insight—whether diabolic, otherwise superhuman, or magnetic, into the individual nature of persons. For his success in quickly exciting a painful remembrance could surely not otherwise be accounted for. Questions were put, or suggestions made; always in a manner entirely decorous, but always so as to distress. Many a quick and angry glance, many a deep flush of pain, many a pale cheek, many a sudden tremor, have I seen at the words of the painter. But he never seemed to perceive it. Working and talking together, he glanced with keen and ready eye from canvas to subject and from subject to canvas; and so managed his remarks that they never could be seized upon and dissected out from the whole and tenor of his discourse, but (save for some frightened secret recognition of the deep individual appropriateness of their application) could only be taken, in common with all the rest, as the natural outflow of a stern and sombre nature.

One very natural consequence of this singular practice was the fact that I never saw any sitter in that room after the portrait was completed which was the object of the visits there. It was as if they had been let out of jail. The recollections of the place were disagreeable or distressing, however practically useful might have been the sojourn within.

Another consequence was the sad and troubled look which may be said to have been the general expression of the portraits he painted, after they were finished. This, by loving wives and admiring husbands, by affectionate parents and children, was very commonly made a cause of objection to these portraits. Yet I do not know that any were refused or returned on this account. A secret truth was in the limning, which held fast the soul of the beholder; and although these prejudiced friends might wish that the picture had been gayer in expression, yet whenever the grave painter looked upon them with his steadfast, glowing eyes, and asked in his deep heartfelt utterance, if they did not feel the truthfulness of that mode of representation, none could say "No."

I may here properly add, that the strong, deep tones of the painter's coloring greatly enhanced the effect of his expressions. This was even almost exaggerated, being often so decided as to communicate to his pictures the appearance of having been painted by some powerful dark-red firelight, instead of the bright sunlight of heaven, or of being lighted by some fire within them, glowing through the substance of the flesh or of the heavy draperies, instead of being illuminated from without.

It is necessary, however, to admit that to this gloomy power of the painter there were some exceptions. There was one man, past middle age, whose portrait was, I am confident, taken at the painter's own request. He was a man of regal presence and of a lofty and reserved demeanor; but the quality in him which (it seemed to me) must have attracted the painter, was the terrible, silent gloom which was ever gathered like a cloak about him, and which offered to this strange artist an overpowering manifestation all ready to his hand, of the same sad and troubled state of mind which is his other sitters he was used to inspire by the sombre sorcery of his own dark thoughts. This man was not subject to the baleful power of the painter. He was clothed in too dense a shadow to be further darkened, either by his words or his aspect; and, indeed, the painter was evidently sensible of this, and accordingly abstained entirely from his ordinary conversation—even from any conversation; using to his dark sitter only the fewest words that would convey formal salutations, and occasional technical directions for attitude or dress. In grave silence, otherwise, he received him, and executed the picture which he wished to obtain, and which, as I remember, did in my opinion far surpass in the deep yet shadowy power of its sorrowful expression, even the best of the painter's other efforts. This was, it may be presumed, only the natural result of the congeniality of the subject, and of the greater clearness with which the unhappy phase of humanity which the painter seemed ever striving to depict, was displayed in the mournfully magnificent features and demeanor of this man.

Him the painter treated with stately deference; as a king might treat a king; considering him, it might be, a monarch within some dark domain of grade and grandeur similar to his own. There were three others, also, upon whom the painter seemed unable or unwilling to exert the shadowing power of his conversation. One of these was an old lady of exceedingly unattractive personal appearance, and of very narrow means; insomuch that although she had at a former period moved in the best society, and although she was unquestionably a person of great excellence and respectability, and even of unobjectionably good manners, she was now not only somewhat written and deformed by pain and sickness, but was reduced to the necessity of gaining a subsistence, partly by the charity of some few friends who gave it unasked, and partly by what small labors in nursing, sewing and washing her failing eyesight and diminishing strength allowed her to perform. The painter had spontaneously besought this ancient dame also to sit for her picture—a request which was both to my surprise and her own; for although it was easy to see a reason why a painter might be willing and even anxious gratuitously to paint the picture of a majestic man, of a beautiful woman, or of a lovely child, yet this good lady was so insignificant, and even almost grotesque, both in form and feature, as seemingly to be quite without the legitimate domain of art; which deals, properly, only with that which is not only true, but beautiful withal. But he gained the desired permission, although not without some difficulty; for the dame, as is neither unfrequently nor unnaturally the case, had, by becoming habituated to neglect and contempt, grown into such a recognition of, and as it were, a friendship with them, that any different treatment seemed somehow incorrect and unsuitable: insomuch that at first the respectful request of the painter seemed a mere mockery. But this error of hers was quickly dispelled by the true kindness and sympathetic, intuitive tact with which he speedily set her quite at her ease; and although she said, more than once, that she did not understand why he could want a picture of an old, worn-out, useless creature like her, yet this was evidently only the faint and aimless speculation so often observable in the aged; not an expression of any distrust of her singular entertainer. The painter treated her, not with the severe and grave observance which he had shown to the stern-visaged man just mentioned, but with such sweet and tender courtesy as is due to an old and reverend parent; and this exhibition of delicate and beautiful kindness was exceedingly astonishing to me, since it was as if, according to the figure of the poet, an ancient, rugged oak had blossomed forth with a single anemone. This astonishment was heightened by the pleasure arising from such evidence of a noble heart in the painter. Whereas he had before, as I said, treated his gloomy sitter as a king might treat a king, he now treated this feeble and poverty stricken old lady with a respect as deferential and delicately chivalrous as the knightly suitor of a youthful queen could show to his mistress. And yet so quietly and deftly—indeed, rather, so completely and truly from the guidance of a nature pure and noble in intuition, and true even to unerring perfection in the quick sight and appropriate action that are the essence and manifestation of politeness—as to prevent all danger of hurting her by an appearance of officiousness or unnecessary zeal.

This old dame, accordingly, I count as one of those few persons over whom the painter either could not or would not exercise the peculiar influence which seemed to be one of the usual adjuncts of his mode of practising his profession. The third of them was a little girl, whom, as in the case of the two last mentioned personages, he had of his own mere motion laid hold upon for the purposes of his art. As I sat one morning in his room, and while he was busying himself in manipulating his paints, or laying a priming upon his canvas, and, as was his custom, not troubling himself to entertain me with any observations, he happened to look through the inner and outer doors which led to his studio, both of which were at the moment accidentally open. As quick as thought he jerked aside his pallet and pencils, with so rude a fling, that various little specks of the colors were spattered upon my garments and countenance; an infraction of decorum for which I will here take occasion to state that I have never received satisfaction, either by way of apology for feelings wounded, or of payment for clothes damaged. Having done this, he darted out into the street, and speedily returned, bearing triumphantly aloft upon his shoulder, as the giant St. Christopher is said to have carried the child Christ, a beautiful little girl, who appeared to have been the object of this sudden foray. She was laughing merrily at some fantastic child's story which he was telling her, and which he continued after entering the room; interspersing it with odd grimaces, such as were appropriate to the persons concerned in it, and with scraps of rigmarole verse; and narrating and reciting in the queerest feigned voices imaginable. He had evidently taken the little one a willing captive; but, by what first approaches, I could not conceive; for I should as soon have expected an ice mountain either to fascinate a joyous child's heart, or to come dancing in with fairy stories, and sportive laughter, as this grand and stern and gloomy old man.

He made her a gorgeous throne, with rich draperies, on the platform which was usually occupied by his sitters' chair; plucked for her the one beautiful white rose that bloomed alone, high up by his single window; gave her many gay pictures to play with, and a small lay-figure, which with native feminine instinct she at once received to her heart in quality of baby, and with equally feminine art proceeded to dress up in many quaint costumes with the materials which the painter gave her. All these attentions he paid her in the most graceful manner conceivable; seeming, by an entirely new manifestation of his strange character, at once to put himself into full and free and happy communion with her child's nature, and to enjoy her laughter and prattle, not only as much as she did, but, curiously enough, in the same manner; freakishly; with the same artless, kitten-like abandonment to the playful humor of the moment; lying down by her among the shawls; suggesting a new and more fanciful turban for the uncouth little lay-figure; or springing up for a wand or a feather, or some other accoutrement for the doll. It was as if he had caught a handful of sunlight, and was sporting with it in the middle of his dark room. He did not seem any longer to be a gloomy old man. He was for the time transfigured.

The child was a city child. That is, her beauty was of a city type—one might almost say of a metropolitan type. Pure, white, translucent skin; large, liquid black eyes; long, fringing eyelashes; strongly marked brows; glossy black hair; a high and symmetrical head; a mouth like a rosebud; a slender, agile form; quick movements; a nameless, spiritual grace, the unconscious grace of childhood, which the very consciousness of it is so sure in after years to destroy; these were the physical characteristics of this little creature. The quaint, oldish gravity and deliberate matter-of-fact manner in which she answered the painter's absurd questions, or stated her own odd little conceits and reasonings were most amusing and delightful to me. The artist appeared absolutely to revel in them; such was the superabounding and gleeful delight with which he received them, and answered them with an infantile patchwork of a character ridiculously identical with the child's. Having thus established her securely in a dominion of her own, he proceeded to paint her; continuing, however, to keep her attentive and delighted, either by leaving off his work and partaking of a parenthetical frolic, or by keeping up a most extraordinary series of extravagant tales, which kept her laughing or interested whenever there was any momentary lull in her demonstrations of affection for her doll. Whenever the painter painted, however, I was able clearly to distinguish in his demeanor very plain indications of a certain dim and undefined yet unmistakable awe and reverence. This was of such a character as to cause me to imagine that he must feel as if brought nearer to a human soul, in this guileless and spontaneously acting child, than could be possible in persons crusted over with the indurated shell which life is so sure to deposit upon us; and as if this clear and immediate vision had an awing effect, as by the close inspection of something overpoweringly wondrous and fearful and sublime. This impression, however, it was of course necessary to conceal from the laughing little girl lest its saddening power, although quite unintelligible to her, should oppress her with nameless fear, and terrify her entirely away from any possibility of being useful for the painter's purpose. Indeed the expression of this feeling only came upon his countenance while he was actually engaged in the process of painting the likeness of the child; it was, as it were, only that close and immediate contemplation and study of this artless and unconcealed soul, which became necessary in the endeavor to represent it by means of combinations of inanimate color and form which was so seriously impressive. This singular and striking demeanor of such a haughty and reserved man towards a mere child occasioned me much perplexed reflection; although, after expending much thought in vain, an occurrence quite unexpected enabled me to perceive that in it the painter had been expressing a great truth.

The painter had thus exhibited toward three persons three noticeable and different demeanors: to the stern and gloomy man, appreciation; to the withered old woman, respect; to the laughing child, reverence. There was a fourth sitter, the only other one whom, to my knowledge, he solicited to be painted; namely, a young girl—or perhaps I should say a young woman. In her presence, although this singular painter did not at all seem deficient in appreciation, in respect, or in reverential observance, yet whatever of these sentiments he manifested, were quite obscured, and rendered, as it were, imperceptible by the keen and profound delight with which her presence seemed to inspire him. This was not at all a thoughtless, babyish frolicsomeness, such as he had exhibited toward the child; nor again was it marked with the appearance of special, half-fearful awe which had so strangely mingled in that joyous self-abandonment. It was a still and subtle delight; a surrendry to the sweet influences of an atmosphere of pure loveliness and truth and innocence; a pleasure of receptivity; an abdication of the fierce, powerful, positive asserting away which he usually exerted over others; an unresisting, trustful yielding of himself to a dominion intuitively recognized as congenial and right; as one in dreams might softly lie down and float far away on some silent, uncomprehended tide of mysteriously gliding clouds, with music and motion both so sweet as by their own loveliness to make sufficing revelation of the safety of the impulsion.

I never saw such another face as hers. She was tall; stately as a queen; perfect in form and graceful in movement; her head set somewhat proudly upon a round and firmly outlined neck. Her face was disappointing. It was full, even to a wondrous overflowing, of loveliness. And yet, upon a close analysis, it would never satisfy the mere artist, for there was not one perfect feature. The forehead was high and ample; the sweet deep eyes, the brow, the nose, the full and lovely lips, had none of them the grand statuesque lines of classic beauty. Yet again if one were to estimate her whole being; to consider the soul that spoke through her face; the unfathomable loving strength and truth that lighted up the eyes and filled every line with a marvellous life; the individualized and clearly defined expressiveness of her features, that might seem even the more appropriate to a peerless nature, by virtue of their very insusceptibility of being reduced under any formal rules; none who should consider all these, would have sought a change. The perfect healthy translucency of her complexion, the brightness of her eyes, the evident purity of her whole physical organization, were conditions which I doubt not were indispensable to the extraordinary radiation of that atmosphere of still and peaceful delight which seemed to pass forth from her and bathe the soul of the old painter. I may perhaps here add, by way of adding to the distinctness of my sketch, in order that any friend of the young lady who may chance to read this account may be able to recognize her, that her eyes were blue, and her fine hair of an exceedingly dark rich brown.

To this young person the painter displayed a phase of character differing yet again from any which I had yet observed. As I remember, he first saw her while attending upon some friend who was employing the professional services of the artist; and I perfectly recollect the expression made upon me at the time that, for once, the shrewd old man had miscalculated or overcalculated the extent of his saddening power. I cannot be certain; but of this I am certain, namely, that he had already commenced his usual strain of ill-omened, painful, probing reminiscence, and that the sad shadow of dark memories had already come gloomily over the countenance of the sitter. But this young girl, who had been sitting quietly by, seemed deliberately to rebel, either by glad instinct or of set and definite purpose, against the painter's grim domination; and at some chance inuendo of his she suddenly replied in her companion's behalf; interrupting the dark thread of his reflections with a merry answer, and a ringing, heartfelt laugh; not defiantly; not even jocularly; but with the unconscious and impregnable joyousness of a soul not assailable by any of the black engineries of the old man. To the bright and flashing arrows of her sportive wit, the painter seemed at first to oppose no shield except a silent show of disregard; although at this unexpected reply he darted at her a quick, keen, surprised look, as if to know what enemy had encamped so hardily even within the shadow of his very citadel. Then he looked down for an instant with a singular half smile; but after one or two additional efforts, which she victoriously met and overcame in the same bright, happy, unconscious strength, he yielded, and completed the work of the sitting almost in silence.

Afterwards, this sweet and light-hearted foe having consented that he should paint a portrait of her, he did so, as I have said; and in talking with her, he was, as I have also said, still another man than he had yet seemed to be. He was poetical; imaginative; reciting many noble passages from the great songs of the world; or seemingly improvising fanciful romances; or so cunningly so talked as to induce her to reveal the sweet, innocent meditations, or the fresh and unsophisticated little philosophies which her short experience of life had furnished, or the graceful commentaries which she had sometimes made upon her girlish studies, now hardly concluded; or even the bright dreams which in her pure heart she enjoyed of the future pleasures of her life. The completeness of the painter's happiness in listening to the sweet tones of her voice, and in filling out complementary additions to her immature thought, from his stronger and wider manly intellections, was so full and absorbing, that if he had not been an old man, I should have been certain that he was a lover of the lady. In such a state of mind he painted her picture, and she departed.

The painter thus proceeded for a considerable time in the successful pursuit of his avocation. At last he suddenly announced, through the press and by handbills, with a repetition of that same unaccountable and apparently unsuitable flourish of trumpets which I have formerly noticed, that at a certain time and place, by the kindness of his numerous patrons, he should open an exhibition of all the portraits which he had painted in the city, which was to be free to all comers; and for the more convenient inspection of which, visitors were also to be supplied, gratis, with complete catalogues: and these, apparently to obviate any misconception, even by the most deficient intellect, were to contain the name of the subject opposite to the number of his or her portrait. This seemed to me a very unnecessary precaution, or else a very discreditable one; for what good painter would need any description of his portraits other than the usual very proper formula, "Portrait of a Gentleman" or "Portrait of a Lady?" If the pictures are not recognizable without the name, what sort of painting is it? And if they are so recognizable, what need of the name? This dilemma I had ready for the painter; although it will soon appear that he must have had a very intelligible although not very polite motive for this extreme particularity of information.

At the proper time the exhibition was about to be opened. In my aforementioned capacity of dilettante, I had managed to insinuate myself into the gallery some time before the hour of general admission. But as for describing the astounding spectacle which those walls presented——however, let me not anticipate. The pictures had been under the sole charge of the painter during the day or two previous to the exhibition; and whether he had——. But the fact, fact though it was, was absolutely incredible; even plain and patent as it stared me in the face in so many confoundingly astounding aspects, from the gilded frames. I was speechless with extremity of confused and uncomprehending astonishment; and sat a long time in helpless, staring wonder at the ludicrous and absurd spectacle before me. Recovering somewhat, I began, in order that I might at least determine whether I was deluded by absurd visions, or was beholding the culmination of an abominable plot, to examine the extraordinary phantasms before me, in connection with the names opposite the numbers in the catalogue.

With the first of these comparisons the truth of the matter flashed upon me. I will proceed to state part of what I saw during my circuit around the gallery, in which fortunately I was alone, and where I was able to complete my tour of observation before being interrupted by the public. Taking my catalogue, and posting myself before the picture entered therein as No. 1, I read opposite that numeral the name of a well-known and enterprising, though not always a successful, financier. I distinctly remembered seeing him in the painter's studio, and thinking what a striking portrait his would be. He was a man of sixty-five; yet vigorous and active, straight, alert and keen as a youth of twenty. He would usually be considered a very handsome man, having a finely moulded form, an especially symmetrical neck and shoulders, a well-proportioned head, sharply cut,

[*Continued on Fourth Page.*]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WOMAN AS VOTERS.—We have received the reply of our lady friend to our comments upon her article upon the question of women's right to vote—but, as both sides have now been heard, care not to discuss the question further. Those who believe that voting is one of the "inalienable rights" of human nature, and are for carrying out ideas without regard to their consequences—instead of judging of the soundness of ideas by their consequences—will of course advocate the right of every man, woman and child to vote. Others, whose notions are radically different, will be in favor of a totally different practice.

—A correspondent questions us regarding Revolutionary claims. The desired information is always best obtained from the member for your district in Congress.

—A young gentleman writes to know what profession he shall choose—that of author or of physician. We can hardly advise him. He must reflect that if he is a physician, the sexton will cover up his tracks; if an author, the critics will be always on his trail. Perhaps, by giving due attention to these considerations, he may be enabled to come to a decision.

Respectfully declined:—"Music;" "To a Poetess;" "Old Age;" "The Convict's Visitor;" "The Death of Miss May;" "Popular Opinion;" "Ode to Washington;" "You and I;" "Night;" "The Church of Los Entos."

THE GAS METERS.

The following statement should attract the notice of the consumers of gas everywhere:—

Public attention is now attracted in Baltimore and other cities to gas-meters, and ever-increasing gas bills. Robert Prince, of Brooklyn, in a published communication, asserts that all the meters made in that city for the gas companies are designedly constructed to indicate a consumption of about fifteen per cent. of gas greater than the real amount. Some years ago he became interested with a manufacturer of gas-meters, which were made with indexes that truly indicated the amount consumed, but the gas companies would not purchase these, consequently the manufacturer was obliged to give up the business or attach false indexes to his meters. He now works to the order of these companies.

It is only fair that the measure used in the sale of gas should be accurately tested by a competent examiner, as all other measures and weights are regularly tested. Petitions should be therefore sent to the Legislature of every State in which gas is largely used, asking that this duty of testing gas meters be devolved upon the officer appointed to test the other measures of the Commonwealth. The fairness of this is so obvious, that no Legislature, we should think, would hesitate to pass the proper Act—even without the paying of the bribery bonus, so usual and so disreputable in these degenerate days.

We have mentioned once, and will mention again, that the water in the gas-meters should never be above the level of the screw in the side. If it is, it registers more gas than is consumed. Any one can test the state of his meter in this respect, *without the least danger of an explosion*, by doing as follows: First, stop off the gas by turning the large stopcock in the main pipe, just inside the cellar wall. *Do not forget this.* Then no gas can pass into the meter—the flow being arrested. Then unscrew the three screws of the meter—one in the bottom, one in the top, and one in the side—taking them all out. If the water then just drops out of the hole in the side, the meter is properly filled. If it runs out in a stream, let it run—the gas men have been at their usual trick. If it does not run at all, pour in water at the hole in the top until it gently drops out the side hole. Then put in all the three screws again—the order of doing this is not very important—and turn on the gas at the large stopcock in the main pipe. We give these directions because we have reason to suppose that the amount of cheating done by filling the meters too full of water, is enormous. It is best to attend to this matter in the daylight, not that there is the least danger, but on the principle of handling carefully even an *empty* gun.

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG WIFE.—The young wife of a blacksmith recently committed suicide in this city, on account of heart-break, some rumors of an unlawful intimacy on the part of her husband reaching her ears. They had been married about four months, and, it is said, had lived happily together. The account says:—

This morning about nine o'clock Mrs. Barnes went up stairs and told her husband, who had not yet left his bed room, that a man who was in the habit of visiting the house, was below stairs, and desired to see him, Mr. B. The latter went down stairs and found the man referred to. A moment after, the report of a pistol was heard up stairs, and Mr. B. suspecting the worst, ran to a closet down stairs, where he kept a revolver, and found that the weapon was gone. The husband and his visitor hurried up stairs, and found the wife lying upon the floor of the bed-room, shot through the heart, and the revolver still grasped in her hand. She was dead.

THE HORSE TAMER'S SECRET.

The *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* has reason to believe that the great secret of the success of Mr. Rarey and other horse taming gentlemen, is mainly based upon a gentle, caressing treatment of the animal. It says:—

Caresses, the use of drugs agreeable to the horse, scratching in parts not easily reached by the animal itself, giving food or water, after long abstinence has occasioned hunger or thirst, the careful use of various tones of the human voice—are useful in the tuition of the horse. A liking for the pupil, and tact in training it, which, if they are not natural, it is almost as difficult to acquire perfectly as to become a poet, are essential qualifications in the tamer of all animals throughout their various grades of intellect. We believe that the peculiarity and secret in the treatment by Mr. Rarey, like that by his "confreres" who profess equal secrecy, consists in raising one of the fore feet of the horse, doubling the knee, and keeping a strap around the fetlock, fastening the foot close to the arm or shoulder. The horse then stands upon three legs. Having next put on a surcingle, pass a long strap or rein through the surcingle, and fastening one end of it around the fetlock of the other fore foot, attach the other to the surcingle after the animal is thrown, so closely as to deprive it of the use of the limb. In this item the treatment may be varied by fastening the second fetlock to the arm or shoulder after the animal is down.

When the above course has been adopted, the horse, confined to the ground, is entirely powerless. He should previously, if practicable, have been halter-broke, and a bridle should be kept on during the operation we have described. If he has shown much fear of any particular object, a buffalo-skin for instance, bring it before him, present it closely to his nose, wrap his head up in it, and by every practicable method teach him what men and horses are slow to learn, that imaginary dangers cause more fear than realities. This may also be done by opening and shutting an umbrella close to his face, by beating a drum or firing a pistol near his head, or many other experiments.

This plan is successfully pursued by many skillful horse-breakers among the hills and valleys of Western New York, and the horse yields to the necessities of the case—his spirit of opposition is broken.

That some care must be exercised in doing the agreeable to animals, is shown by the accident which occurred to one of the French Generals. He was in the habit of giving a lump of sugar occasionally to his horse;—a good plan, we may add, upon returning from a ride during which your horse has behaved himself. This General, however, got into the foolish habit of holding the lump of sugar in his own lips, when giving it to his favorite. One day the sugar was offered and then withdrawn several times—when the horse, making a snatch at it, took out a portion of the General's face. Whether the horse intended to injure or not, it is difficult to say. The result was the permanent disfigurement of his owner. The moral of the story is, never be so affectionate with your lion as to put your head in his mouth.

THE CANADIAN EMPIRE.

It is stated that the English Ministry have expressed themselves favorable to the proposed Confederation of the British American Provinces—that is, they are willing to acquiesce in any such arrangement, if the colonies themselves are desirous of it. This is evidently the first step towards Canadian Independence—an Independence which if England knows her own interest, she will never strongly oppose, but leave the matter entirely to the decision of the colonies themselves. Then, whether the bond of dependence be broken or not, a kindly feeling will always be preserved in Canada towards England, as towards a Mother country. It is the attempt to keep the child in leading strings after he is of age, which provokes resentment—not the becoming of age, and the setting up for himself. If the English are the sensible people we take them to be, they will not commit with their present American colonies the mistake they made with the thirteen colonies south of the St. Lawrence—a mistake certainly injurious to them and possibly to us.

THE NAPOLEONIC IDEA.

In the present repressive movements of Louis Napoleon towards the press of France, he can truly allege that he is only carrying out the ideas of his great ancestor, who is reported to have said:—

"A journalist is a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a hundred thousand bayonets."

The many American admirers of the first Napoleon, including the Rev. Mr. Abbott, are requested to make a note of this; and when they speak of the present muzzling of the press in France, remember that Louis Napoleon is merely "treading in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor."

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.—We see it stated that Home or Hume—the name is spelt both ways—has had his day, and is now out of fashion in Paris. Perhaps so; perhaps not.

It is also reported that other Richmonds are in the field, who are doing even more wonderful things, if that were possible, than Mr. Home did. Possibly the Emperor has lost some of his faith in Mr. Home—for, if Mr. Home can really foretell—not the future—but simply the unseen present, why did he not inform his patron of the projected attempt at assassination? But the spirits seem to have no penchant for the practical, in cases where a little information would prove really useful. They will waste a great deal of energy in turning tables, but we never heard of one who could be induced even to grind the coffee for breakfast. This fact "gives color to the idea" that, if they are spirits at all, they are the spirits of lazy bar-room loafers, too stupid and spiritless to be able to leave this world even when it is fully done with them.

BOYS.—We are requested to state that the managers of the "Home for Destitute Colored Children," in this city, have now a number of boys from eight to twelve years of age, whom they are desirous of putting at service. These boys are said to have received a practical education, being fitted for the various occupations about a house, &c. They have been even taught to do their own sewing and washing—and can "put on a patch," it is said, equal to anybody.

☞ We are indebted to Mr. Hassler for cards of invitation to his Third Annual Party, at the National Guards' Hall, to come off on Tuesday evening, the 16th.

MUSICAL LEGISLATORS.

The *Kennebec Journal* says:—

The Maine Legislature is musically inclined. The veteran messenger of the House, Mr. Thomas, of Newburg, has a taste for music, and he has discovered an unusual amount of musical talent among the members. This musical talent has been brought out in a series of impromptu morning concerts before the hour of calling the House to order, until, at length, morning singing has become a regular institution in the Representatives' Hall for the fifteen minutes before the Speaker takes his seat. At times the spirit of harmony become pervading, when the singing is specially marked by simple melody, and grave senators and members of the House in large numbers gather around the centre of the hall and join the singing of familiar tunes, in true congregational style, and the music rises and floats and echoes through the hall with fine effect.

If Shakspeare may be believed, a legislature that has music in its soul, is unfit for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." According to him, such representatives may safely "be trusted." How unlike most of our American legislatures must be that of Maine—especially how unlike that great legislature of legislatures at Washington! "Treason, Stratagem, and Spoil" might be not unfairly said to be the great triune idol of their political worship.

PHILADELPHIA WOMEN'S INDUSTRIAL AID ASSOCIATION.—We are informed that this Society has procured places for about one hundred women, and, excepting in eight or ten instances, all parties have been satisfied. These instances have embraced the cases of two or three persons physically incompetent, who foisted themselves upon the Association, and of eight others who proved to be immoral and unworthy of confidence, though they produced what seemed to be satisfactory testimonials.—The last left the cars before reaching their destinations, and thus robbed their employers of the money advanced to pay the expenses of their travel. Their names will be published as a warning to communities wherever they may be, to beware of them, as well as to show those who may hereafter apply to the Association for assistance, what will be their fate in case they presume to impose upon it.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale has retired from the Presidency of the Association, and her place is filled by Mrs. Mary Earle, late Vice President. The plan of operation which has been successfully adopted is as follows:

Women of good character are furnished with homes in the West or throughout the country, they agreeing to refund to the employers out of their wages the expenses of getting them there. Employers correspond with the Secretary, and obtain from him the expense as aforesaid, remitting in all cases an amount sufficient to cover the same before the women are sent off, as well as a postage stamp for reply.

A small amount of money is now in the hands of the Treasurer, awaiting appropriation. It will be exhausted, of course, as soon as proper persons to fill orders accompanying it are procured, or returned to those who have sent it.

It should be added that all persons connected with the management of the Association *have labored without compensation; some have given time and money.* The correspondence has been voluminous, and the Secretary hopes that any short comings of his own may be pardoned, as he has, during the performance of his laborious and arduous duties, been obliged to attend to his regular business.

Applications for women are still received by the Secretary, Mr. J. M. Church, to whom all correspondence should be directed. Unquestionable references are demanded of all who apply to the Association for assistance, and it is thought that this being done, and the women despatched by the most direct routes, no further responsibility can be expected on its part. The office of the Association for the present is at No. 45 South Front street.

We publish these statements for the benefit of Western and other housekeepers who are desirous of obtaining female servants.

OUR CLIMATE.—Since the telegraph has enabled us to compare closely the temperatures of different places, we have been surprised to find the comparatively genial character of our own situation. Take the following statement, for instance:

WEATHER REPORTS.

Friday, March 5th.		*Therm.*
3 P M—	Philadelphia—W by N, clear and cold,	31 ah.
"	New York—N W, clear	30 "
"	N Bedford, Mass—N E, clear; river open.	19 "
"	Worcester, Mass—N W, clear,	12 "
"	Springfield, Mass—N, clear,	16 "
"	Providence, R I—N, cloudy,	22 "
"	Norwich, R I—N W, clear,	20 "
"	Hartford, R I—N W, clear,	12 "
9.50 P M—	Baltimore, Md—N N W, clear and cold,	21 "
"	Washington, D C—N W, clear and cold,	15 "
"	Richmond, Va—N, very cold,	20 "
"	Lynchburg, Va—N W, clear,	16 "
"	Petersburg, Va—Clear, very cold.	
"	Norfolk, Va—N W, clear,	16 "
"	Bristol, Tenn—N W, clear,	18 "
"	Wilmington, N C—Clear, very cold	
"	Columbia, S C—Clear, cold.	
"	Charleston, S C—N W, clear,	31 "
"	Augusta, Ga—Clear and cold.	
"	Savannah, Ga—N W, clear,	36 "
"	Montgomery, Ala—Clear.	
"	Lower Peach Tree, Ala—Clear.	
"	Mobile, Ala—N, clear and pleasant,	40 "
"	New Orleans, La—S S E,—Cloudy,	55 "

Here we see that Philadelphia, on the 5th, was about as warm as Baltimore, and warmer than Richmond and Norfolk, Virginia, and Bristol, Tennessee.

A NICE QUESTION.—Thomas Allsop, the Englishman engaged in the attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon, is said to have fled to the United States. We have an extradition treaty, we believe, with France, for the delivery of criminals. Of course the terms of the treaty do not include mere political offenders. But it is a nice question whether assassination can properly be considered a mere political offence. Will Louis Napoleon raise the question by applying for the delivery of Allsop?

A PLEASANT EXCURSION.—We state for the benefit perhaps of some of our country readers, that the steamship Ericsson is announced for a pleasure voyage up the Mediterranean. It is proposed to leave New York, Saturday, May 1st, and stop for a given number of days at Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Jaffa, Athens, Naples and Constantinople. Cost of the trip $750, all told.

THE PIRATE, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, (Tickner & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) is the latest addition to the household set of the Waverley Novels which we have so often commended. The story is laid, as our readers will remember, among the storm-blown seas of Zetland, and is memorable for the romantic beauty of its pictures of Minna and Brenda Troil, the dramatic grandeur of Norna of the Fitful Head, and the picturesqueness, humor and graphic force of such characters as Triptolemus Yellowley, Magnus Troil, and Claud Halcro.

THE BELLE OF WASHINGTON, by MRS. N. P. LASSELLE, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a story of the affections.

KANSAS.

A lady subscriber to THE POST, at Moneka, Kansas Territory, writes as follows, under date of Feb. 9th:—

As the season of emigration approaches, a few lines concerning Southern Kansas may not be uninteresting to some of your readers. The climate is so mild that cattle will live without being fed throughout the winter. The weather has been delightful. Clear frosty nights, bright sunny days; the green grass has not entirely disappeared; and at times the groves have been made vocal by song birds, whose notes are hushed but a few days at a time thus far in the season. In scenic beauty, in fertility, in natural advantages no country can offer greater inducements to energetic settlers than this. Moneka, in Linn County, was laid out for a town last spring, but the great scarcity of lumber prevented building of any extent being accomplished, so most who owned town lots took claims and built cabins on them—but the erection of three steam saw-mills within a mile and a half, has overcome this difficulty, and preparations are now going on for building to a considerable extent. A railroad is projected from Jefferson City, in Missouri, to Emporia through Moneka, which will greatly increase her chance of becoming a town.

Moneka was named after the daughter of an Indian Chief, and in the Potawatomie language signifies "The Morning Star." There seems to be a call for mechanics of almost every trade, wages are good, and the expense of living as moderate as could be expected in a country where agriculture is just commencing. The prairies are very different from the billowy undulations spread over Illinois and Indiana. Here they are, in every direction, cut by deep ravines, the channel of streams, along the banks of which grows the timber, which seldom lifts its branches very far above the table land, fearful it would seem of encountering the strong winds said to prevail here at times. Thus in the winter the tops of the tall trees look just high enough above the prairie to show themselves in dark lines, and in summer to wear a darker green than the verdant flower-topped surface of the earth. The society in the neighborhood of Moneka is good, devoting most of their leisure hours to improvement. An academy has been erected, and a flourishing school is in operation; a Literary Society meets weekly for mutual improvement, and one or more lectures are given each week. Moneka may yet shine among her sisterhood as bright and glorious as her name.

BELIAL.

"He seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful." —*Paradise Lost.*

☞ What wars and bloodshed might be avoided; how many duels might be prevented; how much strife, contention, and bitter feeling might be suppressed, if men in their intercourse with each other would constantly bear in mind the advice of a distinguished French writer, who says: "Never speak or write when you are angry or in a passion, *for it is always dangerous to put to sea during a storm.*"

☞ The most intangible, and therefore the worst kind of lie, is a half truth. This is the peculiar device of a *conscientious* detractor.

☞ HOW TO GET THROUGH BUSINESS.—Dunning, when in the full flush of celebrity at the bar, was asked how he managed to get through such an accumulation of business? He replied, "Some I do, some does itself, and the rest is never done at all." In answer to a similar question, De Witt said, "I do one thing at a time."

☞ "Go it, Bobtail, he's gaining on you," is now rendered, classically, "Proceed, Robert's extremity, the gentleman in the rear is approximating to an inconvenient vicinity to the longitudinal appendage which subtends the lower extensions of your caudal elongation."

☞ Few statesmen have ever uttered nobler language than this of Burke: "The labors upon which I value myself the most are those in which I was least successful—I mean the fourteen years I gave to the affairs of India."

GOLD.

Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies in Dian's lap! thou visible god
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue
To every purpose? —*Shakspeare.*

☞ Instinct under the direction of reason is always in the right.—*Burke.*

☞ Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.—*Bacon*

WHAT'S in thy minde, lett no man know:
Unto thy friende no secrete show;
For when thy friende becomes thy foe,
Then all the world thy minde will know.
—*Old English Poem.*

☞ "I say, Jake, what do you suppose they does with the dead corpses on shore?" "Blast me if I knows." "Vy, blow me, if they doesn't nail 'em up in boxes and direct 'em."

☞ PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—Mr. Dickens, in a recent address relative to an Asylum for Sick Children, said:—"An eye witness had once told him that, being once in company with a learned pundit who had assembled all the distinguished philosophers of the day at his house to hear him expound his views respecting infant education and early mental development, while the pundit was laying down his principles, his little boy amused the company by plunging boldly into an apple-pie, anointing his hair with the syrup, combing it with a fork, and then carefully smoothing it down with a spoon."

☞ An advertisement in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, states that an active servant is wanted, "who must be a plain cook, and able to dress a little boy five years old." Are the advertisers Cannibals? And (we ask only for information,) with what sauce do they eat little boys five years old?—*Punch.*

☞ Many a man would lose thousands of pounds, and be able to say, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord;" but if a button were wanting on his shirt, he would get into a rage.—*Spurgeon.*

☞ If a prattling fellow chance to hear some short little tale, such is the nature of this disease called garrulity, that his hearing is but a taking his wind new, to babble it forth again immediately, much more than it was; or like a whirlpool, which, whatsoever it taketh once, the same it sendeth up again, very often with vantage.—*Plutarch.*

☞ Nothing can raise the mind, and, as it were, give wings to it, free it from earthliness, and the confinement it is under by union with the body, inspire it with the love of wisdom, and make everything pertaining to this life agreeable, as well as modulated verse and divine songs harmoniously composed. Our natures are so delighted with music, that even infants at the breast are soothed and lulled to rest by the means.—*St. Chrysostom.*

☞ To write or talk concerning any subject without having previously taken the pains to understand it, is a breach of the duty which we owe to ourselves, though it may be no offence against the laws of the land. The privilege of talking, and even publishing, nonsense is necessary in a free state; but the more sparingly we make use of it the better.—*Coleridge.*

☞ He erred, who fancies that victory in any cause depends on its being just or unjust. For every day one sees, on the contrary, that not right, but prudence, force, and good fortune, give the victory. It is very true that a certain confidence is generated in him who has a rightful cause, from the idea that God gives the victory to such; and this confidence makes men bold and persevering, which qualities may often lead to victory.—*Guicciardini.*

☞ The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and the grain of corn; but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend.—*Ruskin.*

☞ A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text:—"And let there be abundance of peace—while the *moon* endureth."

☞ It is a matter of course that no mother will allow any ignorant person to have access to her child who will frighten it with goblin stories or threats of the old black man. She might as well throw up her charge at once, and leave off thinking of household education altogether, as permit her child to be exposed to such maddening inhumanity as this. The instances are not few of idiocy or death from terror so caused.—*Harriet Martineau.*

☞ Shakspeare—no mere child of nature; no *automaton* of genius; no passive vehicle of inspiration; possessed by the spirit, not possessing it—first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge, become habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and finally gave birth to that stupendous power by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class. —*Coleridge.*

REVOLUTIONARY CLAIMS.—The House Committee on Revolutionary Claims, of which Mr. COX, of Ohio, is Chairman, have prepared a very interesting report, accompanied by a bill, giving to the lineal descendants of Revolutionary officers the half-pay for life which was granted them during the Revolution, by several resolutions of the Continental Congress. It will be remembered that this half-pay was commuted to five years' full pay. Some of this commutation was paid in Continental money, and the other not at all. The bill provides for the deduction of the commutation actually paid. A bill very similar to this was passed in the House at the last Congress, but was defeated in the Senate. An effort will be made for the consideration of this subject at the earliest practical period.

SLAVES IN OREGON.—In the Territorial Legislature, on the 16th of December, Mr. Allen, of Yamhill county, introduced the following preamble and resolution, which, after consuming an entire day in angry discussion, was indefinitely postponed, by a vote of 19 to 17:

Whereas, It has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States that Congress has no power to prohibit the introduction of slavery into the territories; and whereas, slavery is tolerated by the Constitution of the United States, therefore,

Resolved, That the Chair appoint a Committee of three to report what legislation is necessary to protect the rights of persons holding slaves in the territory.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND HIS LANCERS.—A Paris letter says that the company of Lancers which formed the mounted escort surrounding the Emperor's carriage, on the night of the attempt at his assassination, was called to the palace a few days ago, into the presence of the Emperor and Empress, to receive rewards for their gallant conduct on that night, and for the suffering they have undergone since with their wounds. To each of the officers his Majesty presented a gold watch, with a crowned N on the case, and to each of the men, twenty-five in number, a silver watch, similarly decorated.

CLERGYMEN AND FANCY STOCKS.—One of the profession, who had evidently read the "money articles," recently made application to a well known firm of brokers, with a sum of money which he desired to invest, soliciting, at the same time, the advice of the broker.

"Ohio 6's or Missouri 6's are perfectly safe, and pay a good interest."

"Oh, no," responded the parson, "I do not want *that* kind. I want some of them that *go up and down*," making, at the same time, a very significant upward movement of the hand.—*N. Y. Express.*

A LARGE meeting was held in New York on the 4th, to sustain the President in his Kansas views. Hon. Mr. McLane, of Baltimore, and John Van Buren addressed the meeting. Mr. Van Buren said the whole country, north, was coming to the support of the President. He defended the legality of the Lecompton Constitution, and said it was as binding as the Constitution of the United States, not even one clause of which had ever been submitted to the people. He was in favor of popular sovereignty as he understood it; he wanted Kansas to be free, and expected that she would be free. The speakers were very tender towards Mr. Douglas and his friends.

LATER FROM SANTA FE.—*Arrival of Capt. Marcy.*—St. Louis, March 2.—The Santa Fe mail has arrived, bringing intelligence that Capt. Marcy had reached the vicinity of Santa Fe on the 2nd of February. His trip had been long and attended with the loss of a large number of mules, and great hardships. He would immediately proceed to make his purchases, and the presumption was that his expedition would be successful, putting Col. Johnston in possession of the means of transportation to Utah much earlier in the spring than supplies could reach him from the States.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The following is the substance of the resolutions adopted by the Convention:

First—That the principle involved in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and asserted in the Kansas-Nebraska act, that the people of the Territories shall have the exclusive control of their own domestic institutions, is the only sure guarantee against the agitation of the nation in regard to the local institutions of the States and Territories.

Second—That by the uniform application of this Democratic principle to the organization of territories, and the admission of new States, with or without slavery, as the people elect, the equal rights of all the States will be preserved, the original compacts of the Constitution be maintained inviolate, and the harmony and perpetuity of the Union be preserved.

Third—That it is the right of the people of a State or Territory to exercise their sovereign power through chosen representatives, and through them enact a constitution; or they may delegate to such representatives limited power to prepare a form of government, reserving the right of ratification; and either mode is consistent with the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty, and the established practice of States.

Fourth—That the Lecompton Convention was regularly constituted, and the Constitution legally formed, and Kansas should be promptly admitted under it.

Fifth—That the people of Kansas under this Constitution, may at all times alter, reform and abolish their form of government, in such a manner as they may see proper. The provision in the Constitution relative to the particular mode of alteration after 1864, does not forbid any other mode which, by regular process, the people may choose to adopt before or after that time.

Sixth—The time has arrived when the agitation in Kansas should be settled. The conflict should be local, not national. The Union will be placed in great danger and peril by further delay of the admission of Kansas as a State.

Seventh—That if the Constitution in Kansas is not acceptable in some of its provisions to the majority, it is produced by the Free State men of the Territory, by their obstinate course, and they have no right to complain and should shut their mouths forever.

Eighth—That the Abolitionists, in Kansas and out of it, have a greater desire to overthrow the Democratic party than to ameliorate the condition of the slave, and they would grasp at power and place at the cost of the broken and shattered bonds of the Union.

Ninth—That we understandingly approve of the measures of President Buchanan's Kansas policy, are ready and willing to sustain him in this and all other measures of his administration thus far disclosed, and have confidence that he will not abandon an article in the Democratic creed.

Tenth—Endorses the course of Senator Bigler in support of the President's Kansas policy.

Eleventh—Compliments Gov. Packer, and expresses a confidence that he will, by the advocacy of a true Democratic policy, secure the prosperity of the people and the honor of the Commonwealth.

Twelfth—Recommends the Legislature to adopt such measures of reform and economy as will lessen the burthen of the people, and especially recommends a revision of the system of Banking.

Mr. Stokes, of Westmoreland, submitted a series of resolutions as a substitute for the report of the committee. The following is an abstract:—

First—The fundamental basis of American liberty is the right of the people to make their own laws.

Second—That this was the great subject of the contest at the last Presidential election, and an adherence to popular sovereignty gave the victory to the Democratic party.

Third—That this victory was supposed to give security to the people of the Territories, and full right to establish such institutions as the majority desire, free from all interference.

Fourth—That the full exercise of the individual right of suffrage is the true test of the validity of a constitutional government.

Fifth—That Congress should admit no State into the Union, unless the constitution is submitted in all its parts; without such submission, the honor of the Democratic party is violated.

Sixth—The policy to force Kansas to accept the Lecompton Constitution would be Congressional usurpation, and the Democratic party of the State of Pennsylvania, in Convention assembled, declare that the members of Congress voting for the Lecompton Constitution are guilty of moral treason.

Seventh—That the toleration of differences of opinion regarding party policy is consistent with the party organization.

The eighth approves the President's foreign and financial policy.

The ninth endorses Gov. Packer's course, especially his inaugural vindication of the right of the people of Kansas to vote upon the Constitution.

Considerable and earnest debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Cassidy, of Philadelphia, said that the Philadelphia delegates would stand by Mr. Buchanan and his policy; and further stated, by authority, that William A. Porter would stand on any platform the Convention might adopt.

The vote was then taken on Mr. Stokes's resolutions which were negatived—yeas 21, nays 109.

Mr. Calhoun offered a preamble and resolution, as a substitute for the first resolution reported by the Committee, declaring it unwise and impolitic to change the fundamental principle of the Democratic party, as enunciated by the National Conventions at Baltimore and Cincinnati. Not agreed to—yeas 18, nays 109.

The resolutions of the Committee were then adopted—yeas 111, nays 1.

The Anti-Lecompton members declined to vote, excepting Mr. Wiseman, of Washington, who said the vote was in accordance with the instructions of his constituents.

Mr. Wm. A. Porter, of Philadelphia, was then nominated for Judge of the Supreme Court by a vote of Porter 115, Sharwood 13, Scattering 11.

Westley Frost, of Fayette, was nominated for Canal Commissioner. Nomination made unanimous. Adjourned sine die.

THE GLUCOSE OF THE SORGHUM CHANGING TO CANE SUGAR.—Dr. Augustus A. Hayes, of Boston, Assayer to the State of Massachusetts, who has made occasional contributions to our columns, has come prominently before the public during the present year, because of his opinion that the sugar of the Chinese cane would in no case granulate and yield pure cane sugar. Subsequently, however, he has made further examination of his samples of syrups, and to his great surprise found that large masses of actual cane sugar crystals had formed in them. The samples of glucose which Dr. Hayes had in his possession, turned into crystaline sugar by simply standing a certain length of time. Efforts have been heretofore made by chemists, but without success, to obtain crystal sugar glucose, hence it was concluded that such a conversion of it was impossible. The chemical change referred to, Dr. Hayes announces to be something entirely new, and that it will largely enhance the value of the Sorgho.—*Scientific American.*

GAS MEETING AT WHEELING.—A meeting of the citizens of Wheeling was to be held there on Saturday last, to take some action relative to the excessive charge of the gas company. The citizens are determined to have the price reduced or go back to lamps and candles.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 217—Adults 103, and children 114.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROST AND FLOWERS—THE TORCH OF SCIENCE—A VETERAN SINGER.

Paris, February 11, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Though the aspirations of the Parisians after the delights of skating and sleighing seem to be doomed to disappointment, we are not without a modicum of frost quite sufficient, we may hope, to kill the insects that have so cruelly ravaged the vineyards for the last few years, and are therefore venturing to look forward to grapes for the coming summer. But while appreciating the stern uses of the low temperature under which we are now existing, it is difficult to think without envy of the pleasant weather our neighbors are enjoying a few degrees south of us. A countrywoman of yours, sent off to winter in Europe as her sole chance of recovery from incipient consumption, and who has steadily improved in health from the time she set foot in France, thus describes her surroundings, in a letter just received. "We found Montpellier growing chilly, and so left it, about a week ago, not without regret, for it was the most picturesquely-old-looking place I ever beheld. Certainly nothing in it or about it can have undergone the slightest change since the flood. * * * But here we now are, in this famous 'City of Refuge' for unfortunate coughers, Hyères; comfortably established in the Eastern Hotel, for the rest of the winter. It seems, though, absurd to talk of 'winter!' for we have a hot summer's sun pouring down on us, and everything about us is as green as though we were already in the month of June. In front of our hotel—we should call it a 'boarding-house' in New York—is a delightful garden, full of orange-trees laden with fruit, myrtles and geraniums, the latter over ten feet high, roses, and quantities of other flowers, all covered with blossoms; to say nothing of enormous aloes, and palms that make us fancy we must be in Syria. Beyond our garden spreads the blue expanse of the Mediterranean, and reminds us of our Jersey City home; for we look down between islands, just as in New York Bay, only that States Island and Long Island have changed places. I believe there is not an American here except ourselves; and very few English. Everything sounds, and looks, and is, as foreign as possible, and very amusing. We have fires, though we hardly need them; and in a week or two shall certainly not need them. As it is, I walk out every day, the air being like that of a warm Spring in New York, with a very strong sun. I scarcely cough at all during the day; and hope my nights will mend before long. Meantime, the scenery, the odd picturesque dresses and ways of the natives, and the newness of everything about us to our untravelled eyes, are a source of unfailing amusement."

The well-known "Perpetual Secretary" of the French Academy, M. Flourens, has just pronounced an interesting discourse on the life and labors of the late eminent physiologist, so fatal to cats, dogs, birds, and rabbits, Magendie. This distinguished man, so unswerving in his devotion to the cause of scientific research, was famous for his Spartan severity of morals and manners, his caustic wit, his abrupt and uncompromising plainness of speech, and his horror of routine. He seems to have set out in life with the principle of doubting everything believed by others; accepting nothing at second-hand, and verifying, by actual experiment, every point previous to its admission into his mind. He was rude, direct, and frank in speech, to a point that rendered him the terror of all about him; never paying the slightest deference to title, place, office, or pretension of any kind; yet he was generous, self-denying, and gentle to the poor, to his dependents, to every form of suffering or misfortune. He not only refused to yield a jot of his savage uprightness in cases where a little complisance or a well-timed compliment would have materially aided his advancement; he seemed to become even sterner and more unbending in all such cases, and his fortune was naturally kept back by this mode of behavior. But he despised and hated shams of every kind; and trampled on them pitilessly whenever they came in his way.

Much of this was evidently the result of the man's own nature; and could not have been toned down by any sort of educational discipline. But the circumstances of his life, so far from tempering this native rudeness of the outer man, fostered it, and rendered it still more uncompromising than it would probably have been had his childhood been otherwise surrounded.

His father, a man of considerable talent, and deeply imbued with the Republican ideas of his day, was a native of the *Béarn*, but resided for many years in Bordeaux, where he was established as a physician in a good practice, and in which city his son, Francois, was born, on the 15th of October, 1783. The child soon lost his mother, and seems to have been left to grow up as he could, his father being an ardent admirer of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and determined to let his only descendant grow up in the "state of nature" so eloquently set forth by that specious philosophizer. In 1792, his father threw up his practice at Bordeaux, and removed to Paris, where he gave himself up to the political agitations of the time; and as he was without fortune, his means declined, and his house was the scene of penury nearly allied to destitution. The child, abandoned to himself, wandered about the streets, in very uncomfortable guise; for he missed the sunny climate of the south, cared nothing for the strife going on around him, and found the neglect in which he lived, and which extended even to his material necessities, anything than satisfactory.

The father was rather proud of his self-incurred poverty, and endeavored to persuade his son to make his own shoes, by way of enjoying a still higher degree of "independence." But this proposition put the finishing touch to the boy's disgust at the species of independence dreamed of by the visionaries around him. He strongly demanded a pair of shoes ready-made, and still more strongly, demanded of his father to let him be allowed some necessary aids to the education he was burning to obtain.

"I would rather be shod even at the loss of the illusory independence you are all harping upon, than go barefoot in the pride of a hollow theory! And above all things, let me go where I can learn something!" cried the youth, boldly, and throwing off at once the lazy passivity of his former deportment.

The father, scandalized at the contempt displayed by his son for all the philosophy he held so highly, sent him to a primary school; and limited as were the teachings bestowed in that class of institution at the period in question, the vigorous intellect and robust will of young Magendie contrived to turn them to such profit that he was soon cited as a wonder. At the age of fourteen, he gained the great prize for the best theme on "The Knowledge of the Rights of Man and of the Constitution," much to the satisfaction of his father. Not long after this, the following paragraph appeared in the "Journal of Freemen:" "We may still hope much from the most tender age, when the corrupting poisons of the Reaction have not withered it in its blossom, seeing that the son of the citizen Magendie, municipal officer, elector, member of the Commune, &c., having met in the street a child who was crying, and who dared not present himself before his father, consoled him, encouraged him, and led him back to his family." A "prize of virtue" was pompously awarded to the boy who had thus taken pity on one younger and less enlightened than himself.

Finding that his son was turning out a sort of prodigy, the father insisted on his becoming a physician, and sent him to the Medical School of this city. Here he became disgusted with almost everything set forth by his teachers, called in question all the received theories, and after scandalizing his professors, quitted their classes, shut himself up in a lodging of his own, and threw himself into a course of experiment which led him to give up as untenable all the theories of the day. He determined not to become a physician, but to devote himself to the elucidation of the abstruse problems of physiology and vitality.

To give even a sketch of the questions thus treated by this profound and original inquirer would lead me too far. Suffice it to say that his physiological discoveries, hooted at in the beginning, came to be recognized as the basis of our knowledge of the human frame, and that the lustre they shed upon his name gradually led to his appointment to posts which secured for him the position and the pecuniary means he could never have won by any direct efforts to secure them.

Handsome, learned, upright, satiric, and famed for his scientific discoveries, he was greatly courted, but maintained his old reserve and independence. Wealthy patients were constantly beseeching him to undertake them, but he invariably told them the wisest plan was to do nothing, and let Nature take her own way. A child of an intimate friend being dreadfully ill, he visited it several times a day, but pertinaceously refused to administer any medicine. "That he is very ill, you know as well as I do," he said to the parents when they besought him to prescribe for their child, "and as to the nature of his malady, I know no more about it than you do. Nature is working; do not interfere where the wisest of us are as ignorant as children, if we did but avow the truth." Magendie watched the child with the deepest interest and anxiety, but did nothing. After several terrible days of this "letting alone," he found the crisis past, and the little fellow recovering. "Ah, you little rascal, you have given me a world of trouble!" cried the physiologist, pinching the child's ear, "but you are safe at last, to our very great joy!"

It was only in favor of the poor who thronged to him for advice that he would ever administer any medicines; and it was usually sugar and water, or something that could do no harm, that he gave them, usually accompanying the dose with a piece of money, visiting his poor patients at their houses, and impoverishing himself to relieve their necessities. Surgery was the only branch of the healing art in which he considered the state of science as sufficiently advanced to warrant our attempting to "aid nature." He was adored in the surgical wards of the hospitals, and even when he ceased to operate, kept up his old system of visiting the destitute patients.

At a somewhat advanced age he married; and such was the influence of this new tie, and of the companionship of one who perfectly understood and appreciated him, that his manners became much gentler; he mingled in social intercourse, and used to laugh at his former fits of ill humor and his savage isolation. His one sole ambition had been to become a member of the Institute; this honor followed naturally on the heels of his magnificent discoveries. He died at an advanced age, serenely, and in a frame of mind much nearer that of peace and good will to his fellows than the mood in which he had passed the earlier part of his life.

A very different character was that of the renowned singer, Lablache, whose death, at an advanced age, noticed in my last, at his villa at Posillippo, near Naples, is a loss which will long be felt among the lovers of music, while the uprightness, kindness, humor and other excellent qualities he added to his artistic talent and his glorious voice, cause the death of the *man* to be as much regretted as that of the *virtuose*. He was born in Naples in 1794, of French parents, who had taken up their abode in that city.

His talent for music soon gained him a name, even in his childhood; and Napoleon, having become interested in his talent, ordered him to be admitted into the Conservatory *Lapietà de Turchini*, of his native town in his twelfth year. Among the many anecdotes told of his youth, the following is worth mentioning, as it appears to be perfectly authentic, and affords a striking proof of the exceptional aptitude Dame Nature had thought fit to bestow on him.

A concert was about to be given by the Conservatory, and one of Lablache's comrades, no older than himself, was to perform on the double bass, an instrument which, as every one knows, though indispensable to an orchestra, of which it takes the lowest notes, is so difficult, and, like the guitar, so "ungrateful," that very few artists ever devote themselves to its mastery, and consequently, if the regular double-bass of an orchestra happens to be missing, it is more difficult to supply his place than that of any other member of the band. Three days before the day appointed for the concert, the little double-bass fell ill; but the tickets being sold, and everything ready for the concert, it was impossible to put it off.

Lablache, in this conjuncture, went to the Director, and boldly offered his services in place of his friend.

"But what do you know of the double-bass?" asked the Director.

"Nothing at all," replied Lablache: "I don't like the instrument, and I have never troubled myself about it. But knowing how much you are embarrassed by Beppo Cariai's illness, I am ready to take his place."

The Director could not help laughing at the child's audacity.

"Let me try, at any rate," exclaimed Lablache, not at all cast down by the Director's want of confidence in his offers.

The Director having given his consent, Louis Lablache set to work on the double bass, and with such success that he was quite ready to supply his friend's place three days afterwards.

As the story of the boy's undertaking had become known in Naples, the first stroke of his bow across the broad expanse of his instrument—much bigger than himself—was saluted with unanimous bravos by the audience; and so great was the astonishment created by this *tour de force*, (for he went through his part most admirably,) that the Director sent for him after the concert, and advised him to devote himself henceforward to the double-bass. "Your success will be a triumph!" cried the Director in his enthusiasm, "you will be unrivalled on this difficult instrument, so seldom blessed with an interpreter worthy of its latent capabilities; you will win both fortune and immortality in this career!"

"No," replied Lablache, "I have no talent for anything but the stage. I must be a singer."

But the Director was so bent on making him a *contra-basso*, that he paid no heed to the boy's refusal. He was taken from the singing class and put under the care of the music-master, who forced him to go on with the double-bass.

Finding it impossible to escape from this tyranny, and from an instrument for whose cultivation he felt no sort of vocation, the pupil watched his opportunity, and one evening, when the gates were open, and the concierge was looking another way, he slipped out into the street and ran away.

He now began singing in the little low theatres in the outskirts of Naples, whose proprietors were too glad of the chance of getting so fine a voice into their service to refuse the runaway the few *liri* a day which sufficed to find him in grapes and macaroni. As for Lablache, he was too glad to be quit of the double-bass to care for anything beyond the joy of his deliverance. But the Conservatory had no mind to lose a pupil of so much promise for the double-bass, and the runaway was ferreted out and brought back in triumph to the music-master.

Five times did Louis Lablache thus escape the persecutions of his zealous tormentors, and five times did the latter hunt him out and bring him back, and at length, fearing the effect of his example on the other pupils, the heads of the institution appealed for aid to the government, and a royal ordinance was issued forbidding the managers of theatres or concerts to take into pay any pupil of the Conservatory, under pain of a fine of two thousand ducats, and the closing of their establishment for fifteen days. But perceiving that all attempts to induce Lablache to exchange singing for the double-bass were wholly useless, the Director now allowed him to go back to his former studies, and on the termination of these, in 1812, Lablache, in his eighteenth year, made his entrance on the stage of San Carlino, in Naples, in a *buffo* part, with brilliant success. Not long afterwards he married the daughter of the celebrated actor, Pinotti. His subsequent engagements at Messina and Palermo added to his fame, and on his return to Naples he was engaged as first-bass singer in the theatre of *La Scala*, the first in Italy. From this period, 1817, his fame spread over Europe; the first composers wrote operas expressly for him, and his success has been constant and enduring. All the sovereigns of Europe have delighted to do him honor, and he has left behind him, besides an ample fortune, a collection of jewels presented by royal and imperial admirers, such as few artists can show. The snuff-boxes alone, enriched with portraits and diamonds, given him by crowned admirers, fill several drawers, where they repose daintily in a deep bed of cotton wool.

The Emperor Nicholas having heard that Lablache, who was very fond of comfort, greatly dreaded the journey to St. Petersburg, whither he was about to proceed for the first time to fulfil an engagement at the theatre, when the renowned singer had crossed the frontier, and stopped at a wretched-looking inn to dine, he was amazed to find a dining-room splendidly furnished, and a dinner-table superbly set out, while a roaring fire of perfumed wood flooded the room with warmth and delicious odor. The most exquisite repast was served to the traveller, and he left the dilapidated hovel in a state of utter amazement at seeing his fears so agreeably disappointed. The innkeeper, moreover, had declined presenting his bill, though he had accepted the gratuity forced on him for his servants by the wondering artist.

At the next relay, the same fairy-like surprise awaited the traveller; and so on, until he reached St. Petersburg.

When Lablache made his appearance on the stage, he perceived the Emperor, who came to him in the green-room, and demanded of him with a smile,

"Well, Monsieur, what do you think of our country?"

"Magnificent, sire!" exclaimed the artist, who had not failed to guess to whom belonged the potent wand that had extended its magical beneficence over the journey he had so much dreaded. When he left St. Petersburg, the same magnificent hospitality was shown him at every relay along the road to the frontier.

The Emperor Nicholas gave him a portrait of himself, enriched with diamonds, so disposed that it could be worn in the same way as the decoration of an order. The Emperor Alexander recently bestowed on him a title of nobility.

Slender and elegant in his youth, Lablache had become enormously corpulent, so that the greatest precautions were necessary whenever he had to coup stairs, climb ladders to fair ladies' bowers, or put himself into any other of the aerial "situations" called for in the performance of his parts in operas. His appearance of late years was almost like that of some kingly oak: his large, intellectual head, with its coronal of thick silvery hair, looking like the top of a "monarch of the forest" with snow on its branches. He was handsome to the last; and with an expression of humor, good temper and intelligence, that made his face as charming to behold as his voice to hear.

Now that he is gone, and Mario, in the course of things going—though the late rejuvenation of his voice is most wonderful—one looks round in dismay, and wonders who, among "the sons of song" will be able to fill their places!

QUANTUM.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

Information has been received from Camp Scott to the 1st of January. The snow in the mountains was from one to six feet deep. The troops were in good health and spirits, and, as soon as the weather would permit, were to prosecute their march on Salt Lake City, without waiting for reinforcements. Colonel Johnson had obtained full information respecting the movements and designs of the Mormons, and anticipated that they would dispute his progress by arms. The messenger who brought this intelligence to St. Louis, has furnished one of the papers of that city with the following information:—

From Fort Bridger to Bear river the distance is about fifty miles, the road generally running through an open country, where little or no opposition can be made by an enemy. There are some very steep hills to descend and ascend, particularly the Shaking Aspen Hill, the dividing ridge between the waters of the Gulf of California and the Great Salt Lake Basin, which has a greater elevation than the South Pass. At Bear river the difficulties of the march will commence. This river at that season of the year will be swollen from bank to bank, and can only be crossed by boats or by being bridged. As the current is very rapid, and timber scarce, it will be difficult to throw a bridge across, and boats will have to be built, as those now there will no doubt be destroyed by the Mormons. The Mormons, if so disposed, cannot oppose the passage, as the opposite bank can be swept by our field batteries from this side. The river where the road crosses it, is about 75 yards wide. Beyond the river the road continues to run through an open but broken country for about ten miles further, when it strikes the head of Echo canon. From this point to Salt Lake City, a distance of some 50 miles, the road runs through a continuous series of canons and over two mountains, and along this part of the road will come the tug of war.

Each canon is 20 miles in length, and descends gradually until it opens on Weber river. This canon—and the same can be said of all the others through which the road runs—is nothing more than a deep ravine, with sloping sides, covered with verdure to their summits. The great difficulty will be to get the wagons over the road; for no doubt it will be cut up and filled with rocks, as to be almost impassable. The ravines are narrow, and can easily be obstructed, which obstructions will have to be removed, as there is no other place for the road to run. After getting through Echo canon, the next obstacle is Weber river, a stream somewhat smaller than Bear river, but presenting the same difficulties in crossing. From the Weber to the summit of the Big Mountain—a distance of 15 or 20 miles—the road runs through four canons, from three to five miles in length, and susceptible of the same obstructions as in Echo canon.

From the top of the Big Mountain is obtained the first peep of the Holy Land. It is the Holy Mount of the Mormons.

From the summit of the Big Mountain the road pitches down into one of the most difficult ravines on the route. The hill is so steep that all the wheels of a wagon must be locked to descend in anything like safety. Twelve miles further is the Little Mountain, and it is eight more to the city. After descending the Little Mountain you strike into Emigration canon, which comes out in Salt Lake valley, just in the rear of Salt Lake City. As you debouch from the mouth of the canon, you find yourself on a table land running along the base of the mountains, and about four miles in width. Crossing this table land, which is about 200 feet above the level of the valley, you find the city stretched out at your feet. Its position is very badly chosen in a military point of view, for it is completely commanded by the table land in the rear, but well selected in other respects; for it is so situated that one of the mountain streams throws its waters through every street, which enables the inhabitants to irrigate their gardens—the only process by which the land of that region can be cultivated. The streets are broad, and at right angles with each other; each building lot contains one and a quarter acres, which allows large gardens, from which is obtained an abundant supply of vegetables for the entire city.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI ON STREET CHILDREN.—The Archbishop of Cincinnati, following the example of Archbishop Hughes, has issued a pronunciamento, in which he takes decided ground against allowing the children of Catholic parents to receive charity at the hands of Protestants. The reason alleged for taking this extraordinary position is "the avidity with which Catholic children are sought to be perverted. The facilities for this perversion," the Archbishop says, "are innumerable, and the consequent loss to the Church, without gain to any form of Christianity, is incalculable." He adds:

"We frequently see statements in our newspapers of children being picked up in the streets of eastern cities and carried to homes in the west, where they will be brought up in error. In the rural districts many of the poor laborers on the public works die leaving destitute orphans, who fall an easy prey to the township trustees—and with their principles we shall not condemn them—who provide for the bodies of these orphans at the expense of their souls."

THE AMERICANS IN PARIS.—The scarcity of Americans present at Lady Cowley's ball—which attracted, of course, various ill-natured remarks from the French journalists—was entirely owing to the order, emanating at the eleventh hour, for all gentlemen to appear in full court dress, knee breeches, and court collar. The Americans have always resisted this injunction, and in this case preferred abstaining altogether from making their appearance. One Yankee wit answered the summons by declaring that, "Never having possessed but one of those unmentionable *garments*, which his wife had seized upon the very day of his marriage, and had worn ever since, he had not dared to ask her for the loan upon this occasion."

HENPECKING OPERATION.—A public ball-room at Preston, England, was invaded on Christmas eve by an indignant wife, who, on seeing her husband dancing a waltz, sprang into the room, collared him in the midst of his enjoyment, and, to the amazement of his partner and the other dancers, walked him to the door, exclaiming, "You thought you'd have a dance, did you?" Having dragged him to the door, the lady renewed her upbraidings. He could say nothing. He received orders from the lady to "get his things on," and make ready for departure, which he unwillingly did, and under the charge of his really "better half,"—for such she was—he had to make homeward.

A PROJECT is afoot to consolidate the Dauphin and Susquehanna, and the Auburn and Allentown Railroad companies. The first named work is complete, and the other in progress. Of course the object is to make a through route to New York city, connecting with the Pennsylvania Railroad and its western extensions.

NEWS ITEMS.

AN infant child of Mrs. Hanson, of Palmyra, Me., was smothered a few days since, while its mother was riding a distance of only two miles. Anxious to keep the child from taking cold, they wrapped it up so close as to cause its death.

THE steam frigate Niagara is all ready for sea at New York. She goes out for the purpose of assisting in laying the Atlantic telegraph cable, which is to be 2,300 miles long.

IN the town of North Hampton, N. H., resides a maiden lady, eighty-seven years of age, who has never enjoyed good health, who has never in her lifetime been outside of the limits of that town, which, by the way, is only four miles square.

THE New York Legislature has a bill before it prohibiting the deposit of bonds and mortgages as security for bank-note circulation, thus making stocks alone a legal basis. The bonds and mortgages on a forced sale, realize, it is said, only about fifty per cent. of their nominal value, consequently, diminishing the security to that degree.

NOTHING in the testimony taken in St. Louis, relative to the Pacific hotel disaster, confirms the report of murder and arson, which has startled the country. The Leader says that Mr. Farmer, of Chicago, a partner of Doane, who was reported to have had $4,000, for which it was thought he was murdered, has arrived in St. Louis, and says that if Doane had any such sum of money he was not aware of it.

"LOVE IN A COTTAGE."—The Janesville (Wis.) Standard says that a young lady, a daughter of a Boston bank director, while on a visit to the house of a friend near that town, was "wooed and won" by a rough specimen from the Emerald Isle, who was a "hired man" at the house where the young lady stayed. They eloped and were married, and are now enjoying "love in a cottage." The "cruel parent's" reception of the intelligence, has not been made known.

THE failure of the army bill in the Senate has determined the Executive Government to employ the troops in Kansas for the purpose of relieving Col. Johnston's command in Utah. Captain Van Vliet will be despatched to Kansas, in a few days, to organize the troops for this expedition.

THE WEATHER FOR FEBRUARY.—The mean temperature of February, in Philadelphia, as calculated by the markings of the thermometer at the Pennsylvania Hospital, was 29¾ degrees; 3¾ degrees below the average of the preceding 32 years. There were only four days in which there was no frost. The highest of the thermometer was 52 degrees, on the last day of the month; the lowest, 10 degrees, on the 17th. The average amount of rain and melted snow was 2.28 inches.

SENATOR HAMMOND, of South Carolina, has, it is said, one of the largest landed estates of the South, his "farm" comprises over 11,000 acres.

A LONDON paper states that within the last few days all the steamboats coming to their shores from French ports have brought large numbers of French refugees, who, having been implicated more or less in revolutionary attempts in 1848 or 1851, are afraid to remain in their own country, with the prospect of the immediate passing of the tyrannous "Law of Suspects," under which myriads of Frenchmen will be at the mercy of any policeman.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—A letter from the governor and deputy governor of the Bank of England to the Treasury, describes the use made by the bank of the statuary permission granted to over-issue its notes in November last. Two millions was the amount of the over-issue, but not more than £928,000 of that sum was at any time in the hands of the public; the remainder was in the banking department. The whole two millions were returned to the issue department on the 24th of December.

TWO VERY polite robbers recently entered the house of a Mr. Trowbridge, near Birmingham, Michigan, and going to Mr. T.'s bed, told him not to stir, and allowed him in the dark to feel the edge of their knives. They asked if Mrs. T. was in bed, and getting a reply in the affirmative, apologized for their unseasonable visit, but assured her of safety. Two remained in the bedroom, while the rest of the gang ransacked the house, and carried away everything of value, consisting of silver, jewelry, clothing, a set of furs, &c., first having mace a hearty meal in the pantry.

THE Chicago Times states that Mr. H. G. Ottignon, proprietor of the gymnasium of that city, performed the difficult feat of pulling out pulley weights, weighing twenty-eight pounds each, *ten thousand* times in succession, without rest or intermission, in the unequalled time of *two hours and nine minutes*.

THE KING OF THE CYPRESS TREES.—Mr. Clark, the overseer on Mr. Plant's place, in the parish of Concordia, attempted to measure the girth of a cypress tree on that plantation with a tape line sixty feet in length, and could not "quite come it."

TOBACCO IN CALIFORNIA.—There were fourteen and a half acres planted with tobacco, in California, last year, in four different counties, and the crop in one county amounted to 1,000 pounds. The tobacco raised in Los Angeles county was good, and no doubt the State might supply the home demand with good tobacco. The tobacco produced, on good soil, from 2,000 to 3 000 pounds per acre, and has sold at from 25 to 35 cents per pound.

THE LABOR QUESTION IN JAMAICA.—By the latest dates from Kingston, Jamaica, February 20, we learn that the labor supply question engaged the attention of all parties. Whilst the importation of African slaves, according to the French plan, was denounced, it was acknowledged that the plan of Coolie emigration from India did not promise any decided relief, and the hopes of the arrival of convict Sepoys were fast diminishing.

ROCHESTER, March 3.—The Democratic candidate for Mayor was elected yesterday, with six majority of opposition Aldermen.

OSWEGO, March 3.—At the Municipal Election yesterday, the Democratic candidate for Mayor was elected. The Board of Aldermen is tied, an equal number of both parties having been elected.

CHICAGO, March 3.—The municipal election yesterday passed off quietly, and the vote was the largest ever polled. The Republican Mayor, &c., were elected by a majority of 1,351. To the Board of Aldermen there are chosen seven Republicans and three Democrats.

PROMINENT Lecompton Democrats calculate that the Kansas and Minnesota bills combined, will pass the Senate by six or eight, and the House by about fifteen majority. Prominent Anti-Lecompton ones calculate that it will be defeated by a decided majority. Who knows!

FROM KANSAS.—Gen. Whitfield, in a letter received at Washington, says that Gen. Lane's party has served upon him a notice to quit, threatening, unless he do so, to assassinate him. He has sent his family out of Kansas, but resolved to remain himself. He also says that house-burning and murders are frequent. In the county opposite St. Joseph, Missouri, a family were driven out, and several persons were killed. Another family were also driven out in the county above.

THE Boston Traveller says that since Jan. 1st, the importations of foreign goods at that port have fallen off more than fifty per cent. The imports last year averaged more than one million dollars each week; thus far this year they have been only $458,000 per week. A recent account made the difference much greater, but probably this is correct.

QUITE LIKELY.—Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck, who edits the *Sibyl*, at Middletown, Conn., declares that presently she may find editing a paper, housekeeping, baby tending, cooking and washing, a little more than she can attend to.

A HOG weighing 800 pounds, and over 10 feet in length, was recently slaughtered in Portsmouth, Va.

THE REFUGE OF THE SAINTS.—The St. Louis Leader learns from Father Desuret, a Catholic missionary, who has spent many years among the Indian tribes on either slope of the Rocky Mountains, that there is a perfectly practicable and easy route north from Salt Lake to the British possessions. Father Desuret has travelled the route several times in light wagons, and gives it as his conviction that, if the Mormons leave their present location, they will proceed northward to New Caledonia, in British America, and settle at the base of the Portage mountains, near the forty-ninth parallel. The route is described in detail, and the country and climate stated to be eminently superior, in every respect, to that of Utah. The Leader calls the special attention of the War Department and the public, to its article on the subject.

THE Duc de Brabant is having a splendid service of plate manufactured in England; nothing to be of silver but the dinner plates. The remainder is gold. The value of the set is stated at upwards of £40,000.

DEATH FROM SWALLOWING A PIN.—A little girl about four years of age, residing on East Fulton street, died yesterday from accidentally swallowing a pin, while playing with it.—*Auburn American, Feb.* 23.

A UTAH correspondent writes to a New York paper that "Bishop Johnson, of Springfield, has seven wives, four of whom are sisters, and his own nieces." This is mixing up matters pretty freely, even for a Mormon bishop.

IS THE KING OF PRUSSIA COMING HERE?—It is reported that the royal family of Prussia are about to increase their investment in Erie bonds, of which they already hold near a million. What does this mean? Do they foresee a coming squall in Europe, and do they want to prepare a comfortable home in the United States?

THE Republican State Convention of Indiana, assembled at Indianapolis on the 4th, nominated candidates for the Supreme Court, &c., and adopted strong anti-Lecompton and Republican resolutions.

THE Medical Gazette of Lisbon asserts that all the persons of that city who reside in houses lighted by gas have escaped the yellow fever.

ANTIDOTE TO STRYCHNIA.—The success of camphor as an antidote to strychnia, in the two cases reported last year by Dr. Rochester, of Buffalo, prompted to its trial in a recent case, reported at length in the *Virginia Medical Journal*, by Dr. Claiborne, of Petersburg. The strychnia was taken with suicidal intent, in a dose of two grains, and the patient was not seen until tetanic and epileptic spasms of intense violence had supervened, which continued for hours, until 1 dram of camphor had been administered in doses of 10 to 6 grains every half hour, when they ceased, and the patient recovered.

AN EDITOR writing from Frankfort, Ky., says, that the Legislature of that State is composed of fine looking, well dressed, and well behaved men; and that, among the whole number, there are but five drunkards, and only some eight or ten fools—a smaller number than was ever counted in any previous General Assembly.

A NEWBURYPORT DODGE.—The city government of Newburyport have invented a new process of circumventing the liquor law. They have appointed some twenty town liquor agents, at a salary of five cents each per year, who buy and sell liquors on their own account *ad libitum*. As this agency is a sham, it is believed that the courts will rule the agents to be selling in violation of law, and they are to be brought up and the merits of the dodge tested.

THE fall of Comonfort has relieved Spain from her awkward position, and settled the old disputes. Gen. Concha received this information by the last English packet, and the gratifying intelligence was sent to Madrid by the French mail boat. One of the first questions settled was this famous Spanish difficulty, and Zuloaga was assured, before he turned traitor to Comonfort, that he might rely on assistance from Cuba, in case he should meet with much opposition. It is difficult for your readers to appreciate what immense advantages Spain derives from the peaceful settlement of a question that threatened to involve her in a war with Mexico and the American filibusters.—*Cuban Correspondent*

THE salary of Henry Ward Beecher is to be raised to $7,000.

RACHEL wrote down, a few days before her death, to please a distinguished gentleman who desired her autograph, these words:—"In a week from now I shall begin to be devoured by the worms and biographers!" And so it happened.

KANSAS IN THE MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.—In the Legislature on the 1st, a series of resolutions, sustaining the action of President Buchanan on the Kansas question, were rejected by a vote of 44 nays to 1 yea. The resolutions were voted against, by the Democrats, on account of an amendment made by the American members, terming Senator Douglas, Gov. Wise and Ex-Gov. Walker as "Democrats." The Democrats, in *caucus*, unanimously endorsed the Lecompton Constitution.

AT La Salle, Illinois, an Englishman from the Crimea, with a patch over his eye, is advertised as having run away with a young girl of seventeen, named Emily Hooper, and $700 in Illinois currency.

THE ARTESIAN WELL at Lafayette, Ind., at the depth of two hundred and sixteen feet, after penetrating a limestone strata, reached a subterranean stream, which, in an incredible short time, filled the well to the top. The Courier says that "Arabs in the desert could not have been more delighted" than were the citizens of that city. This experiment of an artesian well was made at the expense of the county.

FIRST DISCOVERY OF MAPLE SUGAR.—In Dodsley's Register for October, 1765, it is stated that "a method of making sugar and molasses from the sap of a certain tree called maple, common in the New England Colonies, has just been discovered and put in practice in several portions of New England, but especially at Bernardstown, about 20 miles from Athol."

As was the case with Frederick the Great, Prince Frederick William has always nurtured, from his earliest youth, the firm determination to marry an English wife, even before he knew or was aware of the existence of the beautiful Princess Royal.

CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT.—An exchange says:—At High Hill, Ga., Mr. Jackson, a merchant, was accused of an indiscretion with a planter's daughter. The injured father called upon the merchant for satisfaction. This was declined, when the enraged father caught Jackson in his own store by the hair of his head, drew him across the counter, and with a huge knife severed his head from his body. The old man was arrested, tried and acquitted.—The ground of his discharge was, that the murder was committed in self-defence!

ONE item in the wardrobe of the Princess Royal of England, on her marriage, should attract the attention of American women. A part of her "fit out" was twelve pairs of boots, which are described as useful and solid; some of them, intended for rough walking, are provided with treble soles.

THE LEVIATHAN.—Capt. Harrison, who is to command the Leviathan, writes that he is in hopes to be in Portland with his vessel in the latter part of June, and that he proposes to remain there with her seven weeks.—*Boston Journal.*

IMPORTATION OF AFRICAN FREE BLACKS.—NEW ORLEANS, March 3.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives authorizing a company already organized, to import twenty-five hundred free blacks from the coast of Africa, to be indentured for not less than fifteen years.

DISTRESS IN BUFFALO, N. Y.—There are said to be 1,172 families in Buffalo, N. Y., dependent on the relief fund for their food and fuel, and 10,000 persons dependent on charity for support.

BURDOCK LEAF, applied externally, is said to be an almost infallible cure for neuralgia.

striking features, a remarkably healthy, ruddy complexion, bright black eyes, strong, level black eyebrows, and an abundance of silvery white hair; a very noble and handsome old gentleman was he. I could suggest no faulty point in his physiognomy, except perhaps the thinness of the lips, and a kind of hard grip or compression about the mouth. This was a true though slight indication of his character: for in spite of his imposing exterior, he was well known, by many people, to their cost, as one of the wildest and most unscrupulous speculators of the time: as a man who had ruined widows and orphans, men and women indiscriminately, in pursuit of the frantic schemes by which he had grasped at sudden riches; as a false, hard, soulless, selfish money-getter; lying and defrauding daily and unboundedly for the sake of gain. The finished portrait I had seen in the studio, and a splendid picture it was, in spite of the somewhat obvious sombre expression which, as I have remarked, the painter was wont to give to his portraits. But what was there here? Where the stern and steady features had stood, all their forms and colors were gone. In the middle of the unbroken background, relieved against the mass of shadow by the illumination of a single strong light, there stood out as "No. 1, Hon Blank Blank,"—what?

A shark!

A great, devilish white shark! the most savage monster of the sea! Turned half over, as in the act of griping his prey, his mouth partly open, his infernal quadruplicate battalions of cruel teeth showing white and greedy across the leathery lips; his small, cold, thieviah eye peering horribly out of the canvas. Yet this wicked painter, by some inscrutable exercise of his skill, had so contrived the lineaments of the snout and visage of the felon-fish, as to make them bear a half-devilish, half-ludicrous likeness to the cold, hard, sharp aspect of the Hon. Blank Blank!

With a very short analysis of this first picture, I say, the whole truth of the outrageous and inconceivably insulting conspiracy of this hardy painter flashed upon me. Nor can the reader of this account have failed already to comprehend it; for which reason any elaborate explanation would obviously be entirely superfluous. But for the sake of completing my narrative, and likewise that the community may be enabled to judge of the savage sport which the artist had so unjustifiably contrived, I shall proceed to describe some of the symbols which he had left upon his canvas, in the stead of the portraits for whose execution he had been paid. How he had caused the metamorphosis it is impossible to say. Whether he had substituted these sarcastic emblems while the pictures had remained in his sole charge just before the exhibition, or whether, while he had pretended to be pursuing his vocation, and in good faith to be portraying the likenesses of his patrons, he had managed to lay in these hidden delineations in permanent colors, and to cover them with delusive devices in pigments so unsubstantial and so artfully contrived as all to fade at one and the same time utterly out of the canvas, must probably always remain uncertain. I may, however remark, that I now perceived a very clear reason for the strange and searching words with which the painter had been accustomed to disconcert and agitate and distress his sitters. He had been *prying into the inner natures* of the men and women; had formed his conceptions of their essential characteristics; and had devised these emblematic representations in order that by the rude and violent public caricaturing which their display in this exhibition would effect, he might gratify an unjustifiable fancy of his own; an enterprise I am bound to say, in the accomplishment of which he had attained a most complete, frightful, and altogether confounding success. It was doubtless in order to the absolute and unmistakable fixation of these bitter jests upon their objects—for the sake of rendering the symbolic crucifixions altogether certain and inevitable—that the apparently superfluous completeness of the catalogues had been devised.

But to proceed. I have stated that the painter had enjoyed a quite extensive patronage. Persons of every age, sex and condition had been the subjects of his skill; and as he painted with uncommon rapidity, he had executed a surprisingly large number of works. Not less than a hundred and forty or fifty—the result of the labor of a few months—were gathered into this gallery. From among them—or rather from among the strange medley of symbolic figures, which, for the most part, were the only representatives of what they had been, I can of course only select a few for description. Not far from the portrait of whose metamorphosis I have already given an account, hung the picture of a man solid and respectable, in substance and reputation. The chief personal characteristic of him which I recall to mind was his possession of a broad, fat and hairless neck; which showed over his collar, and between his flaringly divergent ears, somewhat like the outer surface of a large piece of salt pork; being fat, pale and clammy in aspect; although it *differed* from that valuable article of food, in respect that it not only displayed, stretched from ear to ear, a wide semicircle of outline curved like that which is given to the pork by the curve of the barrel, but also bulged out from the compression of his garments so as to resemble the torus of a column. This estimable man, being of a somewhat decidedly animal organization, was known to be partial to the pleasures of the table; and many slanderous reports, doubtless unfounded, slid about, touching the various fierce temptations into which he had been plunged by the weakness of the flesh, and to more than one of which it was intimated that he had yielded.

There was nothing left of *his* portrait but the resemblance of a large fat hog.

A reverend doctor of Divinity had sat to the artist. This worthy man, being of an eager, hot and vehement temper, had become somewhat renowned for the acrid and violent tone, not only of his pulpit expositions of his theological opinions, and for the bitter personalities of his controversies, but for the intemperance and even indecency into which he had often allowed himself to be betrayed, in many published writings, and especially in the religious papers. The visage of this reverend shepherd had disappeared; and instead of it there stared out from the picture a great red, angry firebrand; snapping, spitting and smoking with the sour, thick heavy smoke of green wood; and withal portrayed in so lifelike a manner that the spectator almost coughed and sneezed even at the suggestion of the acrid and irritating fume.

Near by had been suspended the portrait of a certain man who was reported to be dangerous to those who meddled with him in any wise. He had a certain factitious sutorial reputation; but it had gradually become well understood that whenever an intangible whisper of evil report concerning any one began to go floating hither and thither on its secret poisonous rounds, the presumption was that it came from this man; and that it came because its object had somehow crossed his path, either by a definite collision, an open or implied controversy, a mere neglect, or even by the mere fact of emerging into some dawning light of reputation. I had met this man. He was a feeble creature, and unhealthily blotched and mildewy in hue, as if his venom had vitiated his blood, and was working out through his skin, with a sly, down look, and a dead smile of that kind which has as much joy and laughter in it as the widening of a chasm in the earth, and no more.

His picture was faded. In its stead there stood the hairy effigy of a skunk.

There had been a portrait of a poet. This man wrote verses full of aspirations and longings. In his poems he constantly—indeed almost monotonously—breathed forth a sort of cooing delight in the loveliness of nature; in the innocence and purity of children and babes; abounded in references to paradisaic localities not clearly defined; frequently bemoaned himself, in somewhat vague and indistinct terms, because his soul was not yet freed from sundry impediments enumerated as peculiar to an embodied existence, to the relations of corporeal humanity with the material universe, and with the uncongenial million; and invested much descriptive industry in the statements of his languishings after some life unfettered with these, or indeed with any, conditions. In reading the writings of this poet I had, from the beginning, always experienced a sensation analogous to the disappointment which an inexperienced person may be supposed to feel at a useless effort to chew a spoonful of trifle. Although the sentimentalities and professions of feeling were all in the proper form, yet I had, rather as a matter of indistinct impression than as a clear perception of the case, failed to discover any substantiality of truth or beauty in the thoughts. I had never traced this hollowness of the poet's compositions to any phenomenon or state of facts within himself; an inadvertence, however, which I am inclined to excuse by adducing the unimportance of the subject—since I had known as a separate fact the solution of the problem—namely, that this poet was impure to the very last degree, in word and in life; even so vitally that the gross and debauched condition of his soul was expressed in his countenance by those strong sensual lines about the eye and mouth which are only seen in certain low animals, and in animalized men, assimilated to the same by the effects of the air and food of Circean styes.

The painter, however, had gazed more attentively and comprehendingly than I into the inner life of this man. The similitude of the poet's own countenance had vanished. A night of deep shadow brooded upon the canvas, within which might be discerned the rotting carcass of an unclean beast, lit by a dim and ghastly phosphorescence, the foul fume of its own decay.

Where the portrait of a leading newspaper editor had hung, there was a furiously whirling cloud of dust close in the foreground, and the rolling axle of a chariot-wheel, visible through an interval in its thick veil. Only a close scrutiny, however, would enable the beholder to discover a large fly, perched upon the hub.

A young gentleman versed in all the mysteries of dress, had caused himself to be delineated in all the sartorial glories of a magnificent costume. The wicked painter had so ordered his deceptive representations that the head and hands of this youth, which were, of course, the only visible portions of his person, had disappeared; and furthermore, that the elaborate garments, instead of being filled out with the substance of bones and meat which had served to display them, and instead of yet exhibiting the wonderful skill in handling which the painter, in an accommodating humor, had devoted to the imitation of their rich and glossy texture and gay colors, hung loose and dangling, an empty suit of clothes, as if displayed upon a tailor's wooden scarecrow. The painter had also, in some fantastic freak, so adjusted his tricky work, that a glossy pair of black moustaches, very recognizable from a certain jaunty upward perk at their extremities, straddled curiously across, above the chasm between the opposing perpendicular fronts of the empty collar. Possibly this odd exception was intended to convey an incendo that this hairy ornament, like the young gentleman's clothes, was but a moveable fixture.

The painter had been employed by the admirers of a distinguished popular orator to execute a portrait which was designed to be suspended in the City Hall, in a large room which had often resounded with his sonorous periods and elaborate rhetoric. This gentleman had been represented in an oratorical attitude, under the influence of a powerful access of professional rapture: with hand displayed aloft, foot advanced, and features all kindled with the excitement of his trade. The form was still there; but where the head had been, there was only a gas-meter, with that little dial plate which in those machines registers the amount expended, and the price thereof, wide open.

Near by there had appeared the portrait of a gentleman who was considered by his friends to be by far the profoundest and most comprehensive philosophic investigator of this—if not of any—age. He was usually termed, in their printed notices or spoken mentions of him, "A Great Thinker," or "This Eminent Thinker"—as if the thinkers were generically as distinct from other men, as the tinkers. This great thinker had been appropriately represented, according to the descriptive phrase of one of his admiring friends, "with his thinking-cap on," namely, seated, having his elbow supported upon a large volume of his own works; his head resting on his hand, his eyes cast down, his forefinger laid in a north-east direction across his forehead, and an expression of the most abstract thought upon his whole face and figure. The irreverent painter had, however, so managed matters that instead of this impressive *tout ensemble*, there was now presented the ridiculous and disrespectful delineation of the same great man, in the same attitude, peering with intense scrutiny into a small orifice in an enormous millstone which now lay where the book had been; having also one eye closed tight, the lips screwed up with an air of sapient affectation, and the head turned comically to one side, so as irresistibly to suggest the likeness of a crow looking into a worm-hole.

Two lovers, in the fullness of their affection, had caused the painter to represent them together, with the strong arm of the youth around his beloved, and her fair head resting tenderly upon his breast, while an expression of complete happiness was in the look with which they were gazing into each other's eyes. It is true that I had heard reports of their high tempers; and even that they had quarrelled—as what lovers have not! Whatever the truth in this respect may be, it must nevertheless have been a most regardlessly cruel and bitter spirit which impelled the reckless painter, whatever he may have fancied himself able to divine concerning their future lives, to hold them up to derision so openly—if indeed it was not a spirit hopelessly soured which had caused him to intend a hateful satire upon all human love, in satirizing theirs. Where the two lovers had been, there were now portrayed two cats, fighting venomously.

A stately beauty and reigning belle, had been painted in a gorgeous costume. There now remained only the chilly picture of a white gleaming iceberg, floating in the sea, silent and alone.

In place of the alert and vivacious features of a young lady celebrated for brilliant conversational powers, there was displayed a huge rattlebox.

A gloomier presage, without the acrid sarcasm usually embodied in the painter's symbols, was conveyed by the ghost, as it might be called, which was all that was left of the portrait of a fair and slender maiden in whose aspect he had supposed that he discerned the signs of some disease which neither she herself nor her friends had been able to recognize. In place of her delicate features and frail form, there was now visible only a white rosebud, in which a near approach showed that a gnawing worm was eating out the heart and life of the beautiful flower.

Among all the long array of portraits painted by the artist, I have selected these as affording apt instances of the sour and malicious manner in which he had contrived to reveal his unwholesome and unhappy perception of the natures with which he dealt. It is unnecessary for me to detail any more of his satirical expositions. I will, however, briefly mention again the pictures of the four persons to whom I have referred as sitting at his request; inasmuch as they were, in one sense or another, noticeable exceptions to the ill natured rule which he seemed to have laid down for the accomplishment of his design.

In the features of the sad and stately man of whom I spoke, there was no alteration. The deep gloom of his lip and brow seemed almost to shadow out a darkness round about the picture; and made to the spectator a forceful revelation of hopeless and remorseful sorrow, infinitely more powerful than any emblem could convey. I say that no change had passed upon his features. But there was yet a single addition to the picture, which completed and concentrated its meaning into a definite focus of terrible certitude. This key to the otherwise obscure suggestions of the figure was a broad smear of red blood upon the right hand.

The features of the little girl with whom the painter had so merrily disported himself, had changed but little; indeed it might easily be, that the new meaning which I now discovered in them was rather a result of the better view which the light and roomy gallery afforded, in comparison with the shadowy half-light of the darkened studio. The child's head was still childish; the large innocent eyes, the pretty mouth, the infantine, delicate grace of the whole figure and action, still remained. But I could not resist the feeling that there was now evident in the picture another expression mingled in with that of childish purity; an expression the cause of the creation of which I fancied that I traced in that unaccountable manifestation of reverential regard occasionally observable in the painter's deportment towards the child. This expression was something of a deep, divine and holy effulgence, which in despite of my first sense of unsuitableness, awakened in me duplicate remembrances, viz., of antique heads of the Virgin, and of the head of Christ, the Divine Child. The painter, perhaps, was thinking of the pure white souls of little ones, as the nearest—though still distant—exemplifications of the revealed intention to create man in the Divine Image.

The portrait of the deformed old dame was both like and unlike her. There certainly was yet remaining something that was herself, both in the lineaments of the visage and in the expression of the figure. But instead of the misshapen and bent old woman, meagre, ill-clad, shabby, poverty-stricken, humble, acquiescent and patient in the utter contempt and neglect which had been her portion so long as to seem her inheritance, the canvas now displayed a face and form all radiant with a peaceful, trusting and joyous light, with the eternal happiness of heaven; it was a transfiguration into an angel of God.

The picture of the young maiden, whose surpassing and wondrous purity and loveliness I endeavored as well as I could to describe, had not been changed either in subject or accessory—not in any single line or point. She was enthroned in a mysterious and innate beauty too living and glowing even for the profound power of the mighty painter. The portrait, although of indescribable splendor, was of necessity a failure. Her life was not there—nor that vivid efflux of happiness which had so entranced the painter. This picture alone was inadequate; and that the artist knew it I could not but believe when I observed that upon this picture alone of all the collection he had not placed his signature—an omission for which it is not easy to assign any reason except the consciousness of an attempt either hopeless or unsuccessful.

At the appointed hour the outer doors were thrown open, and the public admitted. Those gentlemen and ladies were foremost who had contributed their pictures to the exhibition; being anxious, as was natural, to see how their own likenesses compared with those of their friends; to criticise and admire and condemn generally; and to receive the thanks, the grateful attention, and the skillful assistance and suggestions of the painter.

It is quite useless for me to attempt to describe the tempest of excitement which quickly ensued. The wrath, the mortification, the cruel pain, the sour laughter at the shame of others, the fury of the reaction from the shame of themselves, converted a large assembly of our most respectable citizens into a perfect bedlam. If the painter had been there he would have been torn in pieces. Fortunately he was not; and I may here add that immediate and eager search quite failed to discover any traces of him. He had evidently departed instantly upon completing the arrangement of his pictures, foreseeing the certainty of the result which he had sought, and the personal risk to himself of remaining for any actual observation of it. Nor, so far as I have heard, has he ever been heard of since.

As soon as there was any slackening in this whirlwind of conflicting passions, so that intelligible speech or action became possible, the politician and orator mounted a table and called the assembly to order. He then, in a neat and forcible speech, exhibited the atrocity of the gross and outrageous imposition which had that day been practised upon so honorable a community, and moved that a regular meeting be then and there convened, to the presidency of which he nominated the gentleman who had been caricatured as a shark, and along with him sundry others of the parties aggrieved, to be subordinate officers. This having been done, he proceeded to submit the following motions:

1. That the artist has shown himself richly deserving of the scorn and contempt of this community.

2. That legal proceedings be at once commenced against him by each and all of the injured parties.

3. That all the pictures, without exception, be forthwith destroyed.

These motions being, with brief debate, unanimously adopted, the last of them was immediately carried into effect. The first was perhaps not in its nature susceptible of practical demonstration; being axiomatic, if true. The second, I believe, was put into execution; but by reason of defect of attendance on the part of the common defendant in all the suits, the only result was the taking of a large number of defaults, and a great harvest of retainers and term fees gathered by the politician and his legal brethren.

I have only to add two insignificant items which happened to come under my own observation. The gloomy man who was painted with the bloody right hand, entering the gallery with his usual sad demeanor, and suddenly coming upon the glaring revelation of a crime whose occurrence he had supposed known to himself alone, fell senseless upon the floor, smitten down by the shock, and was carried home by his friends, where he scarcely recovered after a long illness. He has left the country.

The frail girl who was represented by the white rosebud, also passed through the gallery with a feeble and languid step, during the proceedings of the public meeting. Looking at picture after picture, with surprise and curiosity, she came at last to her own. She gazed at it in silence. Her head drooped upon her breast, and with a deep, sorrowful shadow upon her face, she dropped the catalogue which she had been using upon the floor, and silently and sadly departed. She is dead.

Lest the painter should be denounced as a swindler—a fate which, however, he has already suffered in the city which was the scene of his mad exploit—I shall also add that the various amounts which had been paid to him for work done, were punctually returned to his customers by mail; and for whatever balances may yet remain due, he has never made any application.

HYDROPATHY IN EUROPE.

FROM MR. J. W. DE FOREST'S "EUROPEAN ACQUAINTANCE."

PRIESSNITZ, AND FIRST EXPERIENCE AT GRAEFENBERG.—Early in the morning, Priessnitz came into our room, followed by Franz, the bathman, and by Irwine, who lent himself as interpreter. I saw before me a medium-sized person, with weather-beaten features; a complexion which would have been fair but for deep sunburn; eyes of blue, inclining to gray; thin, light brown hair, touched in with silver, and an expression reserved, composed, grave and earnest. He sometimes smiled very pleasantly, but he spoke little, and wore, in general, an air of quiet, simple dignity. Altogether, I felt as if I were in the presence of a kindly tempered man of superior mind, accustomed to command, and habitually confident in his own powers. I afterward observed that he kept the same impassive self-possession in the presence of every one, were it even the highest noble of the Austrian empire.

He listened to a brief history of my malady, seeming very indifferent to its past symptoms, but examining attentively the color of my skin and the development of my muscles. He then ordered the wet sheet to be spread, and signed me to stretch myself in it. As soon as I had measured my length on the dripping linen, Franz folded me up rapidly, and then packed me thickly in blankets and coverlets, as if I were a batch of dough set away to rise. Neuville followed my damp example, and our teeth were soon chattering in chilly sympathy. Having noted the intensity of our ague, as if it were a means of judging what degree of vigor in the treatment we could bear, Priessnitz marched off to survey the agonies of Irwine and Borroughs. Neuville and I remained as fixed, and nearly as moist, as King Log in the pond, but in a state of anguish far beyond the capacities of that solid potentate. We were so cold that we could not speak plainly, and shivered until our bedsteads caught the infection. Then a change came—a graduated and almost unconscious change to warmth—and, at the end of ten minutes it was hard to say whether we were uncomfortable or not. A few minutes more brought a sensation of absolute physical pleasure, and I began to think that, after all, water was my element, and that it was quite a mistake that I was not furnished with tasty red fins, like a perch, or a convenient long tail, for sculling, like a polliwog.

Just at this pleasant stage of the excitement, when I would have been glad to continue it longer, Priessnitz came back, and declared us ready for the plunge bath. Franz turned up the blanket so as to leave my feet and ankles free, shod me with a pair of straw slippers, set me unsteadily upright, like a staggering ninepin, took strong hold of my envelopments behind, and started me on my pilgrimage. I set off at the rate of a furlong an hour, which was the top of my possible speed under the circumstances. Forming a little procession, with Priessnitz ahead as the officiating priest, then myself as the walking corpse, and then Franz as sexton, we moved solemnly on until we reached a stairway leading into a most gloomy and low-spirited cellar. Dank, rude, dirty flagstones were visible at the bottom, while from an unseen corner bubbled the threatening voice of a runlet of water. The stair was so steep and the steps so narrow that it seemed impossible to descend without pitching forward; but, confiding myself desperately to the attraction of gravitation, I cautiously raised my left foot, made a pivot of the right one, wheeled half a diameter, settled carefully down six inches, wheeled back again to a front face, brought my dextral foot down, and found myself on the first step. Ten repetitions of this delicate and complicated manœuvre carried me to the flooring of the cellar.

Franz now engineered me into a side room, and halted me alongside of an oblong cistern, brimming with black water, supplied by a brooklet, which fell into it with a perpetual chilly gurgle. In a moment his practiced fingers had peeled me like an orange, only far quicker than any orange was ever yet stripped of its envelope. As I shuffled off the last tag of that humid coil, the steam curled up from my body as from an acceptable sacrifice, or an ear of hot boiled corn. Priessnitz pointed to the cistern, like an angel of destiny signing to my tomb, and I bolted into it in a hurry, as wise people always bolt out of the frying-pan into the fire, when there is no help for it. In a minute my whole surface was so perfectly iced that it felt hard, smooth and glossy, like a skin of marble. I got out on the first symptom of permission, when Franz set about rubbing me down with a new linen sheet, still possessed of all its native asperity. If I had been a mammoth or an ichthyosaurus, with a cuticle a foot thick, he could not have put more emphasis into his efforts to bring my blood back to a vigorous circulation. Priessnitz joined in as if he enjoyed the exercise, and honored me with a searching attrition from his knowing fingers. Then, after examining me, to see if I grew healthfully rosy under the excitement, he signed me to throw a dry sheet over my shoulders, and give myself an air-bath before a window into which a fresh morning breeze was pouring. Holding tight with both hands to the corners of the sheet, I flapped my linen wings as if I were some gigantic bat or butterfly, about to take flight through the orifice, and soar away over the meadows. "Good!" said Priessnitz, nodding his solemn head in token of ample satisfaction; and, folding my drapery around me I marched up stairs, like a statue looking for a pedestal, or a belated ghost returning to its churchyard. I met Neuville descending with a stiffness of dignity which made me think of Bunker Hill Monument walking down to get a bath in the harbor; so woefully solemn, so dubious about his footing, so bolt upright and yet so tottering, that he would have shaken the gravity of a pyramid, or moved a weeping crocodile to laughter. Once more in the double-bedded chamber, I gave myself a few hurried rubs of supererogation, and was about dressing, when Neuville and Franz re-appeared from the lower regions. With shivering fingers I seized my thick under-wrapper, and proceeded to don it, with a glorious sense of anticipatory comfort. But that atrocious Franz saw it, snatched it, tucked it under his arm, made a grab next at my drawers and stockings, and then signified, by menacing signs, that I was to leave my cloak on its nail. No luckless urchin in Dotheboys Hall was ever stripped half so pitilessly. As for Neuville, who had been toasting himself over American fires through the mediocre chill of a Florentine winter, and was as sensitive to wind as a butterfly or a weathercock, or Mr. Jarndyce himself, he was despoiled with the same hyperborean unkindness. Out we went, nearly as thinly dressed as Adam and Eve, but leaving no Paradise behind us; forth we hurried, driven by Franz, that bald-headed cherub, horribly armed with a wet sheet; away into the woods we fled, to wander like Cains, and drink three or four tumblers of water before we might venture back to breakfast.

A LITTLE PRIMITIVE PROMENADING.—There was a tall, stout grenadier of a Swedish count, in the prime of life, who was also one of our notables. He nursed a curious fancy of stealing away into the woods, dressed in nothing at all, not even a collar, and strolling about thus attired, with an axe in his hand, to the great confusion, doubtless, of all the undines and tree nymphs. His idea was to take a copious air-bath, warming himself at intervals by a few chops at way-side saplings; and he thought that these occasional returns to a primitive state of existence had a most invigorating effect on his physical and moral nature. He used to manage his sylvan escapades from the douche-houses, wretched little huts well retired within the leafy solitude of the forest. "Oh, not at all," said he, in answer to some one who asked him if such promenades *a la* garden of Eden did not sometimes lead him into embarrassing situations. "I meet no one but strawberry-girls, and they only laugh and get out of my way."

HYDROPATHY AT DIVONNE.—At four o'clock, the hour of afternoon immersion, I looked up my particular bathman, and placed myself at his discretion. I was soon hermetically kerneled in a dripping sheet and a stout packing of blankets, the whole being tucked in with a puffy upper crust of feather bed. This last affair was one of those light, downy syllabubs used by the Germans as coverlets, but so insupportably warm as to give one an extravagant idea of the winter comfort of geese, hens, and other feathered creatures. The reaction was rapid under these sultry circumstances, and if I had been an egg, I should certainly have been hatched in fifteen or twenty minutes. In the style of getting down stairs there was a vast improvement upon Graefenberg. Instead of being walked down like a galvanized mummy, I was picked up by two stalwart Swiss and borne off in state, as if I were the Grand Lama or the successful candidate of an Irish election.

"PATTING JUBA" AMONG THE CLERGY.—Then there were riddles, guessings of proverbs, and various plays attended by forfeits. It was once allotted to me as a punishment to dance some ridiculous dance; and having, in the leisure of my boyhood, mastered the negro *Juba*, I gave it out with marked emphasis. It proved a season hit; it was *comique! charmant! tres curieux!* Not only was I called on for a repetition, night after night, but several persons wanted to learn the step of me: and one of the most fantastical in carrying this point was a severe Swiss minister, a man of the Boanerges type, with stern black eyes, and a long black beard of apostolic dignity. Over and over again did my reverend disciple carefully watch my feet while I danced the Juba, and then set himself with solemn perseverance to imitate the complicated caper. Such a blessing followed his efforts, that he very soon had the step at his fingers' ends, or rather at his toes' ends; and day after day I used to hear him double-shuffle, or hoe corn and dig potatoes around the billiard-room and down the passage by way of a reaction after his bath. He told me that he wanted to amuse his children with the dance, and I only hope that it diverted them as much as it diverted their papa.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

In a New England village, both thrifty and neat,
Of a learned divine is the quiet retreat.
The lilies are nodding each pretty bright plume,
And filling the air with their richest perfume;
Close down by the meadow is rippling along
A river, that glides graceful willows among;
And the green wooded hills that shut in the view
Here rise up abruptly, there fade into blue.
So fair was the spot where Dame Nature had taught
her,
That, lovely and pure, grew the clergyman's
daughter;
And there by the window that looks on the green,
Sits sweet smiling Jane, at her Sewing Machine.
One touch of her foot, and one turn of her hand—
From fairies you'd think she had borrowed a wand.

"Just look! Babies' dresses are done in a trice,
And the hems and the tucks look so charmingly
nice;
Those twenty-four towels, dear mother's demand,
Are folded, completed, and lie on the stand;
Twelve collars for Alfred, those kerchiefs for Joe,
Were finished last night, and placed all in a row;
Two dresses for Katie, my darling—and then
I will fly to the shirts, that are wanted for Ben.
Now give me a book; I am free as a queen—
For do I not own this dear Sewing Machine?
A few months ago, of my life I was weary,
The future was all so laborious and dreary:
They told me, I know, I was pretty—but then
'Tis no easy lot to be eldest of ten.
Let me do what I would—let me get up at dawn,
Let me work at my needle, at night, noon and
morn—
Those brothers, no matter how early I rose,
Would wear out, and tear out, and outgrow their
clothes,
And that mountain of garments grow more and
more high
Until stitch upon stitch brought sigh upon sigh.
There's Mary, our fair one, so tall and so slender,
I really believe I did nothing but mend her;
When baby was born—I'm forced to confess it—
The last thing I dreamed of on earth was to bless
it;
I thought of her dresses, woe ruffles and all—
She ruffled me sorely, that baby so small.
With blushes I own it, those brothers and sisters
To me were no more than just so many blisters.
When Willie, our eldest, from college returned,
My work for a moment I hastily spurned,
Then rushed to embrace him; how my feelings
were torn,
For I saw at a glance that his bosoms were gone.
With caresses I tried to hide all my fears;
Put my head on his shoulder, and burst into tears.
He tenderly twisted each wandering tress;
How well I was looking! how charming my dress!
Then laughingly asked, that good brother of mine,
For the rest of the dear ones, the gay romping nine.
He whispered so kindly, 'A prize I have won;
Nay, praise me not, Jenny, 'twas easily done:
My rivals were lazy, or else from the start
They had not, poor fellows, such motives at heart;
And now with my earnings I've bought you a
sprite—
Your slave all the morning, your vassal at night.
To-morrow, my sister, from sewing be free,
And begin, dearest Jenny, some reading with me.'
I poured out my thanks, while my heart beat with
joy—
'Twas such a kind act of the dear, gen'rous boy.
I'm the happiest maiden that ever was seen,
With this dear little, sweet little Sewing Machine."

Ye Oberlin students, ye Doctors of Laws,
Who deem that society's nothing but flaws;
Ye lady divines, and ye female M. D.'s,
Who preach to us sermons and boast your degrees,
Who vow that this earth never safely can roll
Till you shall wear trowsers, and go to the poll;
When you of your rights were raving and fighting,
Who think you the while injured woman was right-
ing?
'Twas our best benefactor, one William O. Grover,
His name be remembered the wide world all over,
As being sole author, inventor, and maker,
Of that prince of inventions, the "Grover & Baker."

MISSIONARY DIFFICULTIES IN INDIA.—A recent French traveller asked the bishop of Agra what progress missionaries were making in disseminating Christianity among the Hindoos.

"Progress?" said the bishop, shaking his head; "what influence can we hope to exercise over the minds of such a people? As soon as we speak to a Hindoo of the miracles of Jehovah or of Christ, he immediately opposes to them the far more surprising miracles of Krishna, who raised a mountain on his little finger to serve as an umbrella to protect his shepherdess from a storm. He does not doubt the reality of our stories; he is only surprised at one thing—the simplicity of our dogmas and miracles. In such a matter, nothing appears to him too extraordinary. If you were to tell him that, in order to open the eyes of Christians, St. Paul brought the sun and moon down to the earth, and then made them rebound to their respective places like balloons, without the slightest inconvenience to any of the three planets, he would believe it without any difficulty; the Buddhist and Purana legends have wearied him in this respect; but, after the manner of the Chevalier de la Manche, he would remind you of some still more incredible folly performed by his ideal type, Krishna."

☞ One of the fathers saith, that there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men; that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.—*Bacon.*

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine—
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night, for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
One shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O tell me before all is lost!

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but, in true mercy, tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day, my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there, within thy nature hid,
The demon-spirit, Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone, but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou, had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou—oh, surely thou, wilt warn me now!

QUEEN STORK.

A SCHOOLBOY'S STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

The playground was a curious scene that morning. Cricket wasn't dreamed of. Chaps walked gravely about in pairs, or gathered in clusters round some detached senior—listening to his maturer views—while, squatting under the tamarisks, like Indian chiefs at a palaver, Harry Maitland and his particular friends, with knitted brows reviewed the course they had so hastily adopted—not without some little misgiving that, if sticking to one's word was to be the order of the day—they had somewhat imperilled the general liberties.

Upon the whole, however, livelier views prevailed. Discipline must be relaxed—*that* was inevitable. Lessons will be short and easy, for no young lady can have ventured much beyond Cæsar and Cornelius Nepos—and it will be, no doubt, a jolly lark to see her boggling at Homer! Our spirits rose rapidly, and thus it happened that even before the accustomed hour the school-room was filled by fellows waiting eagerly the commencement of the fun.

Jokes at the expense of the new directress went smartly round, and various ingenious little plots for rendering her position as awkward and embarrassing as possible were hastily concocted. To these the big fellows made but faint opposition, satisfying their consciences by refraining from an open share, and perhaps seeing no reason for taking upon them the "police" of the school, which properly belonged to the masters.

Among other things, it came into the head of Charley Lysons, the mischievous, who had a turn for the fine arts, to sketch upon the black board above the master's chair a pre-Raphaelite cartoon. This design represented a rustic dame, with nose and chin amicably kissing each other, and (to avoid any misapprehension) with a bandage over her eyes. She was armed with an immense rod, and was engaged in dispensing justice and orthography to a circle of sturdy louts, with countenances expressive of intense alarm.

Upon this happy inspiration the youthful artist was yet receiving our congratulations when the three o'clock bell rang.

A few moments elapsed, the door quietly opened, and Mary Percival, cool and unembarrassed as though entering a friend's boudoir, glided in and took her place. Not alone, however; Queen Mob immediately followed her, carrying a basket piled up with disabled socks and handkerchiefs to a height that convinced us we were destined to enjoy her society for the rest of the afternoon, as duenna to the young directress.

The latter threw a calm and comprehensive glance round the apartment, taking in but not dwelling upon Charley Lysons's performance, arranged some books on the desk before her, and spoke:

"Mr. Weekes."

The voice, sweet, clear, and liquid as a harp-string, sounded oddly in that rough assemblage; the more so, as the name she uttered was, as I have before observed, never heard from that chair save in the association of impending punishment.

"Mr. Weekes" arose, shambled up the school, and stationed himself—mechanically, as it were—in the spot he usually occupied when engaged in his official duties—i. e., close by the block, awaiting, with his hands in his trousers-pockets, and his mouth and round eyes wide open, the next order.

"I am informed by Mr. Styles and Mr. Ringrose," said the musical voice of our directress, "that this has always hitherto been a school of gentlemen. Gentlemen may regret but never disavow their deeds. The author of this folly" (she tossed her little head back as though disdaining to look at the board) "will step forward and efface it."

"Don't peach, you fellows," said Charley Lysons, putting down his head and speaking along the desk. Something made Charley regret that he had been the *first* to offend.

"Am I understood?" inquired the princess, sweetly.

"Don't stand it, Charley," said one chap, who was a bit of a sneak.

"*Go*, Charley," suggested another, who wasn't.

"Blessed if I do!" said Charley himself.

"You go, young Lysons," said Harry Maitland, in a low, fierce tone (he wanted to humor the princess a little), "or look out, after five."

The dark suggestion of something disagreeable when the school rose, determined Charley. He got up, sullily, and, mounting the platform, tore down the board; then, kneeling, proceeded to rub out with his cuffs and handkerchief the efforts of his genius; indemnifying himself, however, as he did so, by a pantomimic gesture, concealed, as he not unnaturally imagined, by the board.

Unlucky Charley! His thumb had not fairly quitted his nose before vengeance was upon him! With one step, like the glide of a panther, the princess was at his side; there was the flash of a white hand, and a box on the ear such as, with the combination of pain and surprise, sent the boy fairly rolling from the platform upon the school-room floor.

"For the *second* insult, not the first," remarked the princess, gently, and resumed her seat.

"Who'd have thought those gimlet-eyes of hers could see through a board!" muttered Charley.

Business now proceeded with tolerable tranquillity for some half-hour or so, during which many curious glances were directed towards our mysterious mistress, who was dimly seen through the glazed screen immersed in thought or study.

"She's getting up the Latin," suggested somebody.

"*Corderius*," said the musical voice, as though in answer.

(The Corderius class was usually taken by one of the under-masters.)

"I thought so; she'll take the easy ones," said Charley Lysons, spitefully.

Up went the class, and formed its usual half-circle round the chair, the leader politely presenting his book to the lady, who flung it carelessly on the desk. She heard the lesson, with the same cool, quiet air; detecting, however, the slightest inaccuracy, and correcting it with a sort of hasty, careless disdain, not easy to describe, often accompanied by that peculiar smile we had already noticed. It was a smile that did not cheer, but chill; I suppose it was like that of Henry the Cruel, as the books tell us, whose "sweet friend" meant, *literally*, "go and be hanged!" We learned to dread it even more afterwards, as we knew her better.

The lesson drew to an end, and but three or four lines remained; these, according to custom, should have fallen to the lot of the last boy in the class. Something induced the mistress to transfer them to the boy immediately above him, who had executed his own portion with remarkable glibness and accuracy. Nevertheless, he was the greatest blockhead in the school. Learn he wouldn't or couldn't, but it was his habit to get up at least a minute portion of every lesson, and by carefully calculating where his turn would come, usually managed to cut in, and make a very respectable display, being in reality totally ignorant of about eleventh-twelfths of what he had to study.

Of course, in the present case, poor Brome Debary was at once floored. Queen Stork, with ominous patience (and her terrible smile), put him through the entire lesson, word by word. Not one could he manage! Then she gave him his own portion. Here Brome's tongue was loosed, and he gabbled over it with an alacrity which, alas! only helped to convict him of the fraud. It was evident, however, that Queen Stork had long since detected it, and the interest that now began to attach to the scene induced a profound silence. Would she venture to punish him—and how?

Curiosity was quickly satisfied. She dismissed the class.

"Remain, sir," she added to Brome.

She then turned to her desk, and, taking something from it, handed to Looby Weekes, who still retained his position, a stick, or rather whip, of three fibres closely plaited together, altogether not thicker than an ordinary cane, perfectly black, and looking fearfully hard and pliant. It had a leathern handle, like a coach-whip, which offered a beautiful grip. Poor Brome had visited that block too often to miss his way, or, indeed, to feel greatly dismayed at what was impending; so, yielding to destiny and Queen Stork, he knelt patiently down, and received on his hardened shoulders six sharp strokes. But he had miscalculated the amount of pain. No cane ever cut like *that!* Two strokes he endured with surprise, but fortitude. At the third—

"It's not *fair*," bellowed Brome.

The fifth elicited a terrific howl, and the last dismissed the luckless Brome from the block, if not a better at least a wiser boy, for he never tried *that* artifice again.

"For idleness and deception," said the princess, in her sweetest tone, as Brome, writhing with rage and pain, staggered away.

At all this, Queen Mob had looked on with undisguised delight, never interfering in the remotest manner, and resuming her darning with a chuckle and a goggle of approval.

Although by this time it was abundantly clear that we, the juniors, had caught a Tartar, the *real* trial was still to come. Gradually it approached.

"Virgil," said the directress.

A class of fifteen fellows, about the age of twelve or thirteen, now stood up, prepared to construe the poet in question, the head boy, as usual, offering his book. As before, the lady declined this aid, and, with consummate coolness, nodded to the class to proceed, appearing, to our extreme astonishment, as well "up" in the most difficult passages of the Æneid as in the disyllabic fragments of Corderius! Not an error escaped her, and the occasional substitution of some searching phrase for the conventional renderings to which schoolboys are addicted, showed her completely mistress of the subject.

The lesson was passing off very smoothly, each boy taking up the author where the last left off, at the pleasure of the teacher, when, about the middle of the class, Fred Prowett, who was construing, came to a sudden stand.

"Well, sir?" said the princess, interrogatively.

"Please 'm, that's all."

"All! In the middle of a sentence? What is your lesson?"

"Fifty lines, 'm, and as the next full stop."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"Proceed, then."

"Please 'm, full stop."

"Virgil, sir, is believed to have understood his own language. Give me your book."

She took it, examined, and returned it, took the next, and the next, and so on through the whole class. As she was about to give back the last, an idea seemed to strike her; she held up the leaf between her eyes and the light; the terrible smile gathered on her lip. The trick was discovered!

You must know that an ingenious chap of our class had found out that by dipping the point of a pin in ink and striking it into the page, a mark was produced almost exactly resembling a printed period. If, therefore, at the end of the allotted fifty lines, the want of a full stop added materially to the length of the lesson, we sometimes took the liberty of introducing one. Oddly enough, though the eccentricities of Virgil's punctuation had not a little puzzled the worthy Styles, it had never occurred to him that there was any trick. In the present case, however, less care than usual having been observed, so inhuman a divorce had been brought about between a verb and the substantive it governed, that a less penetrating eye than Queen Stork's must have detected the fraud.

She laid down the book and paused, regarding us contemptuously. Her eye glanced from us to Looby Weekes, who still stood, grasping the black cane, aghast at the idea of having perhaps to flog fifteen boys! But it was a different decree:

"The lesson will henceforth be one hundred lines," said the princess, calmly. "You may go, *gentlemen!*"

We slunk away, some of us a *leetle* ashamed, and began to compare notes. Opinions were a good deal divided. The junior boys certainly regretted the change.

Brome Debary shrugged his still smarting shoulders, and grumbled mutiny.

Charley Lysons suggested plans of insidious revenge.

Some older chaps hinted at the pledge we had given.

"Give her rope," said Harry Maitland, darkly. And—

"Greek play," said the musical voice, as calmly as though it had called for Goody Two-Shoes in the original.

Disdainful smiles were exchanged among the members of this, the first class, as they rose, in a rather dignified manner, and strolled up to the platform.

"*Now* for a lark!" whispered a junior next me.

This time Queen Stork accepted the book tendered by the leader; but nevertheless held it in her hand with a provoking carelessness that did not promise well for any especial *fun*.

It happened, moreover, to be the same play I had heard Styles reading to her—viz.: the "Alcestis" of Euripides.

With one or two hints the lesson proceeded to a satisfactory conclusion, the princess showing herself to be on the best possible terms with Euripides, and (though with scarcely a glance at the book) not permitting the slightest deviation from his text, except when, in one instance, she herself altered a disputed reading.

Five o'clock struck, and, without word or sign, Queen Stork glided from the room as quietly as she came. Queen Mob, on her part, gathered up her work, grinned horribly at the school, as much as to say, "How do you like it *now?*" and followed.

Some of us, I've no doubt, looked foolish enough. The seniors were divided. The princess's talents commanded their respect and admiration, and there was, besides, the novelty of the situation to excite their interest. Some, however, and among them, Harry Maitland, were considerably mortified by the bearing she assumed. They had expected that, since it was evident the masters possessed little influence, she would have established a friendly understanding with the older boys, and relied upon their authority and example for the preservation of order; whereas she appeared determined to make not the slightest distinction! Now the question was, was this to be borne?

After much discussion, it was decided to try the event of another day.

"Give her every chance," said Harry, indulgently.

School, on the morrow, proceeded quietly enough; but, at dinner-time, a new test had to be endured. Up came, as usual, the abominable hearts; this time, however, hot and nicely dressed, with stuffing, and an alluring gravy. The princess sat on the right of Queen Mob; was, of course, helped first, and seemed to swallow her portion with considerable relish. So did the G. P. B.'s. Ashamed to refuse, we followed the example of our betters, and were in some sort rewarded by the appearance of two magnificent plum-puddings, such as never, in the memory of the oldest boy, graced those boards.

All this increased the good humor of the general body; and not only for that, but the succeeding day, business was allowed to proceed without disorder.

On the fourth morning, however, the impatience of some of the older fellows under Queen Stork's lofty bearing and exacting rule began by degrees to evince itself. Maitland openly declared As would stand it no longer—threw off the mask of obedience, and assumed an entirely new demeanor. He strolled into school ten minutes after time. He conversed aloud. He flung a book across the room to Boss Twigge, and committed other indiscretions too numerous to mention. Sometimes these demonstrations evoked corresponding ones from other seniors, always a titter from the juniors. Now and then a fellow of gentler mood would put in:

"Quiet, Harry. Don't, old boy. Bother! It's a shame."

But this style of opposition only irritated Maitland more. He could not bring himself to believe that the school generally were such spoons as to yield placid obedience to a girl of twenty—though she did know something of Greek.

Strange was it that Queen Stork never took open notice of the growing disaffection, though only the previous day she had delivered over a chap to the tender attentions of her gentleman usher of the black rod for a mere act of carelessness—dropping an inkstand. That she observed what passed, nobody could doubt; for we saw her strange, terrible eyes steadily fixed upon Maitland—never upon any other offender—as though she at once recognized in *him* the core of the rebellion. We knew that Harry's shots were telling. She called up a junior class, and, after looking at them for more than a minute with an air of the most profound depression, dismissed them unheard, and resumed her former attitude, gazing, as though fascinated, at the destroyer of her peace, and of the power she had so nearly established.

Some fellows—Hall and Lindsay among them—were rather touched by the strange princess's evident distress, and begged Harry to desist. But he angrily bade them mind their own business; and the day concluded in a very uncomfortable manner—no lessons heard, and the princess retiring on Queen Mob's arm, her head stooped, and she herself with all the appearance of a person suffering both mental and physical pain.

Sunday intervened; and, on Monday, the struggle, if it might be called so, recommenced. Maitland, backed by one or two other malcontents, especially Boss Twigge, his great admirer, renewed his annoyances—the declared object being to compel the princess to what they termed a "capitulation."

"Let her," said Harry, "make friends of us, or see if we don't lead her a dance!"

"She's ill," said good-natured Ambo Hall. "Look, she's leaning her face on her hands."

"Sulking, sir," rejoined Harry. "A little more, and we'll bring her regularly to. Hi, you Pounsett, lend us that."

He snatched a small pop-gun from the boy's hand, and took aim at the princess's screen. I don't think he intended at first to shoot, but, excited by the laugh around him, he *did*. The pellet struck the glazed portion directly in front of the princess's face.

She started to her feet, her eyes literally flashing through the mask, and the terrible smile plainly visible.

"I thank you," she said. "A direct insult is all I needed. Mr. Weekes."

Looby shuffled up to his post. She threw him the whip.

"Henry Maitland."

Harry laughed scornfully.

"Flog me!" he exclaimed, and looked round the school as though for support. But, to his astonishment, the popular voice was mute.

Boss Twigge did indeed mutter his persuasion that if a senior cock were punished, the lord mayor himself might be the next victim.

With this exception, an almost profound silence succeeded.

"I waste no words upon you," said the princess. "Either submit to your punishment, less degrading than the cowardice that has provoked it, or rid my benefactor's house of your evil presence. Choose!"

She moved to the door, and threw it open.

Maitland's eye once more glanced over the expectant crowd. He had gone just a step too far—that one step which has ruined so many clever conceptions. There was a littleness in the insult he had offered, that awoke the better feelings of the boys. Opinion was against him. Not a voice, not a look, encouraged him. But—the humiliation! His heart swelled—he moved towards the door.

What sound is that at the lower desks? A murmur—a hiss—increasing with every step he takes. *They* deem him coward, too—the boys—the little boys! Harry stopped short, and threw up his head. The hiss stopped, then a low example of applause from the upper school was re-echoed heartily below. In that second, Harry's resolution was taken.

He walked calmly up to the platform, and knelt. The princess closed the door.

Poor Harry could not refrain from bestowing a warning glance on Looby, which said distinctly:

"Strike gingerly, old fellow, or look out for your own skin!"

This, and the unexampled duty of whopping a senior cock, had their natural effect upon Looby, who consequently delivered the first stroke with a tenderness approaching the ludicrous. But the princess was not to be trifled with. With her graceful panther step she was at his side, caught the whip from his hand, and, with a force in which all the resentment of her proud nature seemed concentrated, administered one of those short, sharp cuts that hurt worse than a sweeping stroke.

We saw the blood rush to Harry's forehead; but, though the whip must have cut like a knife, he gave no other sign of pain, and even bent forward, as though courting a repetition from the menacing white hand, already lifted for the purpose. She changed her mind, however, flung the rod disdainfully back to Looby, and signed to him to continue the punishment.

Harry took it like a hero, prolonged as it was, until another sign from the victorious princess bade the executioner desist. Then, with a dignity scarcely less than her own, he rose and retired to his place.

After twelve o'clock, just as we were assembling in the playground, a message summoned Harry to the study. He went. Queen Stork was there, alone. She was pacing the room in her favorite attitude, with her hands clasped, and her head bent down.

"I sent for you, sir," she began, calmly, "to—to——" (Here her voice faltered, and she broke into a sudden passion that made Harry start.) "Boy, or man, whichever you pretend to be, what had I done to you, that you should have forced me to this? *What* was your hostility? If you knew nothing of the deep debt of gratitude I owe my generous friend, some portion of which I sought to repay by taking upon me this unfitting charge, at least you might have honored the apparent motive, and recognized, in my dismissal of all other support, an appeal to your forbearance few English natures, of any age, would have resisted."

Harry made an involuntary step forward.

"Be silent, sir," she continued. "Never presume to address me but in your class—a need I cannot escape. But go, rather. Oh! do as I proposed to you. Leave us. Let me work out my task in peace. It is to restore the school to my protector's hands *better* than I found it. The power, the gift, the opportunity—all are mine. Nothing but your childish malice could have obstructed me, and your own act has made that harmless. Yet go, if you desire it; if not, I thank you for your open enmity. I can deal with such opponents. I sent for you to say so, and to add one word—Beware!"

She made one step towards him, and the strange meaning in her eyes almost made Harry recoil.

The boy came back from that interview looking as though he had seen a ghost. We did not for a long time afterwards learn what had passed. Harry was mysterious. We did, however, find out that an utter change had taken place in the feelings of our schoolfellow, and that all rebellion, on *his* part, was at an end.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

We give this week a portrait, a little flattered, we opine, of "England's Elizabeth;" the Queen possessed of a fresh dress for every day in the year—the heroine of Tilbury Fort—the first woman in England who wore silk stockings—the lady who boxed Lord Essex's ears before she took off his head—who beheaded Mary Queen of Scots, and tickled, in a playful manner, the cheeks of her favorite, Lord Leicester—who made a Lord Chancellor of a gentleman dancing-master, and wrote that extraordinary letter to the proud prelate of Ely—who knighted men like Sydney, Raleigh, Norris and Drake, and left (so sparing was she of her honors) the rich alone to receive titles from the unselecting hand of her successor—who thought shadows unnatural in painting, and ordered Isaac Oliver to paint her without any—who prohibited the publication of any portrait of her imperious visage, unless executed by the cunning and skillful hand of ingenious flattery—who broke the die of a coin submitted for her approval, because it represented her as she then was, fast entering her 70th year, with the small wrinkles of time upon her countenance—who gave her favorite appellation to a whole colony (Virginia)—

"Who was, who is—what can there more be said?
In earth the first, in heaven the second maid;"—

for so a cenotaph in old Bow Church assured the cockneys of Cheapside. This is the lady who trod on that prodigal foot cloth, a velvet cloak thrown over a puddle for her imperial foot to tread on, by the gallant Raleigh. This is the lady who selected Lord Burleigh for her minister, and allowed Sir Christopher Hatton to disturb the serenity of her heart:—

"His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the proud heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

This is the lady whose female attendants removed all the looking-glasses from the rooms through which she was likely to pass, that she might not see her own countenance when old, and quarrel with time and with her attendants. This is the lady who played with set dice, throwing sixes or fives, provided for her by her courtiers, that she might have her own way in the game, and still continue, as in every thing else, the peculiar favorite of fortune.

This is the lady who would walk in the rain and enjoy it, but who could not bear to be out on a windy day—who had a seat made for her in her favorite walk at Windsor, that turned like a weathercock with the wind, and gave her back to the breeze she hated. This is the lady who would at an audience play with her gloves, pulling them off and on, to call attention to the extraordinary whiteness of her hands.—This is the Queen who would not receive an ambassador, because she had heard he had ridiculed something remiss in the pronunciation of her French. "So nice," says D'Israeli, "was the irritable pride of this great Queen, that she made her private injuries matters of State!" This is the lady of whom Dr. Johnson said that she had learning enough to have given dignity to a bishop. This is the Queen who wrote her own speeches, and told her parliaments when she called them together, to grant her this and to pass that. This is the lady who played on the virginals for her own amusement, while her courtiers stood behind the rich hangings of her chamber, exhibiting an affected or a real admiration. This is the Queen that wrote her name with all the skill and delicacy of a writing-master—revelling in flourishes bold, intricate and ingenious. In other words, this is the woman who never did anything like anybody else.

"There is no evidence," says Walpole, "that Elizabeth had much taste for painting; but she loved pictures of herself. In them she could appear really handsome; and yet, to do the profession justice, they seem to have flattered her the least of all her dependents; there is not a single portrait of her that one can call beautiful; the profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded are marks of her continual fondness for dress, while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol, totally composed of hands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which one knows at once the picture of Queen Elizabeth."

Queen Elizabeth was troubled with poor relations; the cousins and cousins-german of her mother, Anne Boleyn. Her reply to a begging native of Norfolk, who claimed a kind of kindred with her, was spoken with all her customary shrewdness—"Friend, grant it be so, dost think I am bound to keep all my kindred? Why that is the way to make *me* a beggar." And an anecdote of her, told on almost cotemporary authority, is very characteristic:—"As Queen Elizabeth passed through the streets in state, one in the crowd cried out, 'God bless your *Royall* Majesty,' and then 'God bless your *Noble* Grace.'—'Why, how now,' says the Queen, 'am I ten groats worse than I was e'en now?'"

Nothing could exceed the adulation paid to Queen Elizabeth. Spenser describes all his females with yellow hair out of compliment to the Queen. Lord Brooke celebrates the delicate complexion of her skin:—

"Under a throne I saw a virgin sit,
The red and white rose quartered in her face."

"Not long after this," says Lord Herbert, "curiosity rather than ambition brought me to court; and as it was *the manner of those times for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth who then reigned*, I was likewise on my knees in the presence chamber when she passed to chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopt, and swearing her usual oath, demanded, Who is this? Every body there present looked at me, but no man knew me, till Sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the Queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The Queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said it was a pity he had married so young, and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently slapping me on the cheek."

Naunton tells a somewhat similar story of the young Lord Mountjoy. The Queen was at dinner at Whitehall, whither Lord Mountjoy had come to see the fashion of the court. The Queen observing a strange and handsome face, asked the carver who and what he was. The carver said he knew him not; and while inquiry was going on, the color in the young man's face went and came in a way that pleased the Queen so much that she sent for him, gave him her hand to kiss, and encouraged him with good words, observing to those around her that she knew he was of noble blood, and again demanding his name, she said "Fail you not to come to the court." "Was it the Queen or the woman," Warren asks, "who thus offered her hand to be kissed, and who thus excited and enjoyed the struggles of bashfulness, in this beautiful and inexperienced youth?"

Here is part of an extraordinary letter, written in 1584, by Sir Robert Cary, to his father, Lord Hunsdon:—"May it please your Lordship to understand, that yesterday, in the afternoon, I stood by her Majesty as she was at cards in the presence chamber. She called me to her, and asked me when you meant to go to Berwick. I told her that you determined to begin your journey presently, after Whitsuntide. She grew into a great rage, beginning with God's wounds, that she would set you by the feet and send another in your place, if you dallied with her thus: for she would not be thus dallied withal. I told her that with as much possible speed as might be you would depart, and that your lying at London this fortnight was to no other end but to make provision for your journey. She answered me, that you have been going from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to Whitsunday; but that if you deferred the time any longer, she would appoint some other in your place; and this message she commanded me to send you." This occurred on a Sunday. Queen Elizabeth indulged at times in paroxysms of rage worthy of her father. "Our first encounter," says Cary in his Memoirs, "was stormy and terrible." Mouth-filling oaths must have sounded awfully vindictive in one whose voice was loud and shrill—and in a Queen moreover!

There is a fine scene in Melvil's Memoirs, which Sir Walter Scott enjoyed, and of which there is a clever drawing at Abbotsford, made by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the Horace Walpole of the North. Melvil was admitted to see the Queen dance, and had his opinion asked of her performance. "I answered," says Mel-

vil, "that my Queen (Mary Queen of Scots) danced not so high and disposedly as she did." A remark that gave great pleasure to Queen Elizabeth, and produced a drawing which Scott enjoyed, and which may still be seen hanging as Scott left it, in one of his little drawing rooms at Abbotsford.

Farewell to the Queen Bess whose birthday was the joy of all London apprentices, their best holiday throughout the year, down to the days of Queen Anne and the accession of the house of Hanover.

CONGRESSIONAL.

KANSAS AGAIN—SPEECHES OF SEWARD AND HAMMOND—THE NAVAL BOARD, &C.

SENATE.

On the 1st, J. P. Henderson, Senator from Texas, appeared and took his seat.

A communication was received from the Legislature of Kentucky, offering a regiment of volunteers for service in Utah.

Mr. King, of N. Y., reported a bill granting the arsenal at Rome to the State of New York. Passed.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, called up the Kansas Bill.

Messrs. Gwin and Broderick, of California, objected, contending that the Pacific Railroad Bill had the priority.

Mr. Green's motion prevailed, and the Kansas Bill was taken up.

Mr. Green gave notice of his intention to introduce a substitute, providing for the admission of the States of Minnesota and Kansas together, hoping thereby to expedite business.—He then proceeded to advocate the majority report of the Committee on Territories, remarking that the leading and controlling facts of that document could not be successfully controverted. An attempt had been made in the minority reports to evade some of them, but they stood unassailed. He then passed to a personal explanation touching statements in regard to the action of the committee, published in the New York Tribune, which asserted that the majority of the committee made a positive promise to Messrs. Douglas and Collamer not to report till the succeeding Monday, and subsequently violated that agreement. He proceeded to show the falsity of this statement by a detail of the facts in the case.

A discussion of some length ensued between Mr. Green and Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, when the former resumed and said he had a substitute for the bill reported by the majority of the committee, which he would offer at the proper time. This substitute provided for the admission of Kansas and Minnesota together, the object being to expedite business so that other important questions might come up for consideration. He then argued the legality of the Kansas Constitution, contending it was republican in form, and was the legal choice of the people. The population of Kansas is sufficient to entitle her to one Representative, and the Constitution of the United States prescribes no specific number of inhabitants. He referred to the unsettled state of the territory as a powerful and overwhelming reason for the admission, as it would give peace and quietness to the territory. He had received information to-day of a murder by parties opposed to the Lecompton Constitution, and that Gen. Whitfield had been driven from the territory under threats of assassination. This, he said, was the result of the absence of the federal officers from Kansas. It is useless to cry "peace!" when there will be none until Kansas comes into the Union.

Mr. Collamer, of Vt., followed. He referred to the Missouri Compromise as having settled the slavery agitation. Being a fair bargain, he thought it unjust in the South, after receiving her portion of advantage, to repudiate the compact. Who believed, he asked, in 1854, that slavery would exist in Kansas? It was a well-settled principle that the power to regulate implied the power to prohibit, quoting instances to show where this power had been exercised, and referring to the case in Mississippi in 1796 as in point. He defended the Emigrant Aid Societies, denying that the emigrants from the North went to Kansas merely to vote, without designing to stay there. He referred to the fraudulent elections carried by interlopers from Missouri, and to other gross outrages into which the Government had never examined.—Without concluding, he gave way to a motion for adjournment.

On the 2nd, the House Bill making appropriations to fulfil the treaty stipulations relative to the abolition of the Sound Dues was taken up and passed.

Mr. Seward, of N. Y., introduced the bill amending the Act of March 3rd, 1855, regulating the carriage of passengers by steamships and other vessels. *Referred.*

Mr. Evans, of S. C., presented a bill amending the Patent Laws.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, introduced a bill providing for the organization of a regiment of mounted volunteers for the protection of the Texas frontiers.

Also, authorizing the President to raise four additional regiments of volunteers.

The resolution offered by Mr. Douglas, of Ill., calling for information in regard to Kansas affairs, was taken up. The resolution calls on the President for information touching the number of votes cast in Kansas at the various elections, and the reasons for rejecting the votes at the election of the 4th of January. Also, for all particulars, together with the correspondence on the subject; and if all the information desired is not in the possession of the President or the Executive Department, then the necessary orders and steps to be taken to procure the same.

Mr. Douglas wanted the information required by the resolutions. He said Mr. Calhoun was in the city, endeavoring to force the Lecompton Constitution by withholding the facts in the case. He was making contradictory statements in the newspapers, but had not been near the committee, nor made any communication to them. It was trifling with the dignity of the Senate, when a government official can thus baffle their deliberations. The returns should have been opened eight days after the election, and the result transmitted to Congress. Yet Mr. Calhoun still keeps them shut in his pocket. Unless we are to be cheated, the facts should be known. How can Senators vote understandingly when the whole matter is in doubt? Every day frauds accumulate—forgery mounts on forgery! He then alluded to the frauds at Kickapoo, Shawnee and Delaware Crossing, and was proceeding to denounce Mr. Calhoun, when he was cut off in the middle of a sentence by the announcement of the special order, when the Kansas Bill was taken up.

Mr. Collamer, of Vt., continued his remarks commenced yesterday.

Mr. Collamer said that the only chance allowed the people of Kansas was whether they would have slaves or be slaves. He alluded to the territorial laws and to the several successive Governors who were sent out to administer them, and who were summarily removed because they could not perform impossibilities: because they could not enforce the laws and yet do justice to all parties. He referred to the Lecompton Constitution, and said it was idle to resort to special pleading to hide the fact that that instrument was never submitted to the people. Had it been, they would have repudiated it once and forever. The President himself admits that the whole thing was a cheat, a delusion! He referred also to the new political dogma, that slave property, in legal character and tenure, is precisely like other property, and to the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. He would not deny that the Supreme Court might give an opinion concerning slavery, when the question was properly before it; but he regretted that they should have taken advantage of their position to issue "ex cathedra," an endorsement of a political dogma. The endorsers of accommodation paper seldom find a profitable business. He then discussed the nature of property in war, contending that the only safety for slavery was to make it local. He asked what will be gained by making Kansas a slave State? The free State people will soon gain the ascendency there, even if Calhoun cheats them out of the Legislature now; and then when they refuse to pass laws for the protection of such property, what will it be worth?

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, gave notice of his intention to introduce an amendment to the bill, giving the people power to alter or abolish their form of government, in such a manner as they may think proper, so that it be republican in form, and in accordance with the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Seward got the floor, when the Senate adjourned.

[NOTE.—Mr. Pugh's amendment to the Kansas Bill will be offered to Mr. Green's substitute, for the admission of Kansas and Minnesota together.]

On the 3rd, Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, presented a joint resolution, authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to pay the officers and seamen of the expedition in search of Dr. Kane the same rate allowed to those attached to Capt. DeHaven's expedition.

The hour of one having arrived, the special order of the day, the Kansas bill, was taken up.

Mr. Seward, of New York, delivered a lengthy speech on the subject of Kansas, discussing the following propositions:

First—That whereas, in the beginning the ascendancy of the slave States was absolute, it is now being reversed.

Second—That whereas, heretofore the National Government favored this change of balance from the slave States to the free States, it has now reversed this policy and opposes the change.

Third—That national intervention in the Territories in favor of slave labor and slave States is opposed to the natural, social, and moral development of the Republic.

In arguing these propositions, Mr. Seward said that Nebraska was resigned to free labor without a struggle, and Kansas became a theatre of the first actual national conflict between slaveholding and free labor immigrants met face to face, to organize through the machinery of republican action a civil community.

In this first hour of trial, the new system of popular sovereignty signally failed, because it is impossible to organize by one single act, in one day, a community perfectly free, perfectly sovereign, and perfectly constituted, out of elements unassimilated, unarranged, and uncomposed. Free labor rightfully won the day. Slave labor wrested the victory to itself by fraud and violence.

In speaking of the opinion pronounced by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case, he said: In this ill-omened act, it forgot its own dignity, which had always been maintained with just judicial jealousy. They forgot that the province of a court is simply "*jus dicere*," and not at all "*jus dare*." They forgot, also, that one "foul sentence does more harm than many foul examples; for the last do but corrupt the stream, while the former corrupt the fountain." And they and the President alike forgot that judicial usurpation is more odious and intolerable than any other among the manifold practices of tyranny.

After further argument, he added: "No wonder that the question before us excites apprehension and alarm. There is at least a North side of this chamber—a North side of the Chamber of Representatives—a North side of the Union, as well as South sides of all three. Each of them is watchful and resolute. If it be true, as has so often been asserted, that the Union cannot survive the decision by Congress of a direct question involving the adoption of a free State into this Union, which will establish the ascendancy of the free States under the Constitution, and draw after it the restoration of the influence of freedom in the domestic and foreign conduct of the Government, then the day of dissolution is at hand."

Further on he said, "Let the Supreme Court recede. Whether it recede or not, we shall reorganize the Court, and thus reform its political sentiments and practices, and bring them into harmony with the Constitution and the laws of nature. In doing so we shall not only reassume our own just authority, but we shall restore that high tribunal itself to the position it ought to maintain, since so many inalienable rights of citizens and even States themselves depend upon its impartiality and its wisdom."

If we attempt to coerce Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution, the people of that Territory will resort to civil war, if necessary. You are pledged to put down that revolution by the sword. Will the people listen to your voice amid the thunders of your cannon? Let but one drop of the blood of a free citizen be shed there by the Federal army, and the countenance of every representative of a free State, in either House of Congress, will blanch, and his tongue will refuse to utter the vote necessary to sustain the army in the butchery of his fellow-citizens.

Mr. Thomson, of New Jersey, alluding to Kansas, said that now was the favorable opportunity to end her troubles by admitting her into the Union. He contended that the Lecompton Constitution was the expression of the will of the people of Kansas. He replied to the many arguments against that instrument, and instanced the cases of fourteen States whose Constitutions were adopted without a submission to the people. If a wrong had been suffered by the opponents of the Lecompton Constitution, that wrong was their own misconduct, and therefore they had no right to complain.

If the free State party have a large majority, as is pretended, they can change any obnoxious features in the Constitution; but if in the minority, they must submit, like good citizens, to the will of the majority. But this party do not want peace. They desire agitation. The affairs of Kansas, he contended, will be infinitely worse if not admitted. He was impatient and anxious that Congress should be relieved from the consideration of the question, and that the people be left to settle their own difficulties in their own way under their own State Government. Then shall we hear nothing more of "bleeding Kansas." Adjourned.

On the 4th, Mr. Stuart, of Mich., reported adversely on the bill amending the act of March 3, 1853, granting bounty land to certain officers, soldiers, etc.

The Kansas Bill coming up as the special order, Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, said that he understood the Senator from Illinois to declare that he opposed the Lecompton Constitution only on one point—namely, because he was not satisfied that it embodied the will of the people.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, replied that that was not exactly his position. He thought there were other irregularities; but would waive these, if he could be assured that the constitution embodied the will of the people.

Mr. Hammond thought Mr. Douglas was in error in saying that the Lecompton Constitution was the creature of the Territorial Legislature, and thought that from that error had probably arisen all his errors upon that subject. How was it possible that the convention could be the creature of the Territorial Legislature? The convention was an assemblage of the people in their highest sovereign capacity, about to perform the highest possible act of sovereignty. The Territorial Legislature was a mere provisional government, a petty corporation, appointed and paid by Congress, without a particle of sovereign power, and therefore could not interfere with sovereignty, although that sovereignty was still *inchoate*. Congress could not interfere with the convention, and could not confer upon the legislature power to interfere with it, for Congress is not sovereign. It has no power to act outside of the limitations of the constitution—no right to carry into effect the supreme will of any people—if it has not been expressed in that constitution. Therefore, Congress is not sovereign. Neither does it hold sovereignty in Kansas—that sovereignty resides in the thirty-one sovereign States. He then proceeded to argue that the Lecompton Constitution was a legal instrument, even if it embodied but the will of the minority of the people of Kansas. Constitutions are often made by minorities. The Constitution of this Union was made by a minority; and, in 1840, a minority had in their hands the power to alter or abolish it; for at that time, six out of the twenty-six States held a numerical majority. He alluded to the charges of frauds in Kansas. He presumed there had been frauds on both sides, and thought the least said about the matter the better. But the true object of the opponents of the Lecompton Constitution was the agitation of the slavery question. They wanted to introduce the elements of discord into the Democratic party. It is singular that, while claiming a majority in Kansas, they should be beaten at every election. In discussing the question of slavery, he spoke of the prosperity of the South, and said the condition of the slave was better than the poor white laborer of the North. There were more beggars met in a single day in New York than during a lifetime in the South. He closed by saying that if the South was obliged to surrender the government after sixty years, they would surrender it with a country abundant in prosperity, incalculable in strength, and the wonder and the admiration of the world.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, alluded to the threats made in certain quarters, that, unless Kansas be admitted under the Lecompton Constitution, the Union will be dissolved. Did he believe such a great national calamity could follow, or be at all likely, he confessed that the consideration would be entitled to great weight. He did not believe, however, that all the politicians in Washington could dissolve the Union. Without concluding, he gave way to a motion to adjourn.

The Senate then adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 1st, the Speaker announced Messrs. Seward, of Georgia, Harris, of Illinois, Grow, of Pennsylvania, Curtis, of Iowa, and Bishop, of Connecticut, as the committee upon the Matteson case. Mr. Harris was excused on his own request.

Resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Washington Territory were read, declaring that the proclamation of martial law by Governor Stevens was a patriotic act, and required to maintain peace in the Territory.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, submitted a resolution, which was adopted, calling for information as to whether any money has been paid from the United States Treasury, for the year ending June last, for the expenses of the Legislature, or alleged Legislature of Kansas, and if so, under what Act, and from what fund.

A discussion then took place on the bill reorganizing the clerks and other employees of the House, pending which the House adjourned.

On the 2nd, the House resumed the consideration of Mr. Seward's motion to reconsider the vote referring to the Committee of the Whole, the Senate Bill, authorizing the President to appoint any of the officers affected by the Naval Retiring Board, to their former positions.

Mr. Davis, of Maryland, applauded the Retiring Board for its fearless honesty, in purging the Navy of rotten material. He objected to any replacement of this material, and thought that the Administration would have much to answer for, which should place a man-of-war under the command of an officer whom that Board, endorsed by the last President and Cabinet, have declared unfit for active duty.

Mr. Miles, of South Carolina, contended that the decisions of the Board, in some instances, were utterly repugnant to every sense of justice and fair dealing. The meanest criminal may look to Executive clemency, but not these dismissed Naval officers, who were summarily stricken down, with their brilliant services wiped out with a single blow, and now had no redress. He did not believe it necessary to resort to such extreme measures.

Mr. Chapman, of Pennsylvania, said that, while he would not charge the Board with conspiracy and corruption, he would say they were surrounded by influences of the most dangerous character. They were themselves benefitted by every vacancy they made. By the inquisitorial process they struck down gallant gentlemen, and of two hundred who fell under proscription, not one could tell the cause of his "taking off."

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, opposed the bill, because the parties aggrieved had opportunities for fair trials before the Naval Courts of Inquiry, and ought to be willing to abide the judgment of their peers. Passing this bill would make the Senate a court of errors to revise the action of the Naval Board.

Mr. Millson, of Virginia, saw no propriety in entering into the merits of the Naval Board. The action of that Board was condemned by the American press, by the sentiment of the American people, by the resolutions of State Legislatures, by the solemn judgment of Congress, and by the deliberate, though unconscious, testimony of the Courts of Inquiry themselves. He alluded to the harshness and haste with which the Courts were conducted, adding that the officers never had a trial.

Without concluding the subject the House adjourned.

On the 3rd, the consideration of the motion to reconsider the vote referring to the Committee of the Whole the Senate Bill authorizing the President to appoint any officers affected by the action of the Naval Retiring Board to their former position, was resumed.

Mr. Whitely, of Delaware, argued in favor of the resolutions, severely criticising the proceedings of the Naval Retiring Board.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, opposed the measure, contending that the proceedings of the Board of Inquiry were just; and, even if reversed, that many of its supposed victims, who were men expecting to get back in the Navy, would find themselves mistaken.

Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, and Mr. Seward, of Georgia, both advocated the resolution, which was passed, and the House adjourned.

On the 4th, the Speaker announced the first business in order to be Mr. Hoard's resolution, asking for the appointment of a select committee to examine the charges of Executive influence upon the action of members of the House. He stated the question pending to be, "Shall the resolution be entertained as a question of privilege?"

Mr. Hoard, of New York, proposed an amendment, charging on his own authority and on common fame, the President with endeavoring to control the action of the House, on the Lecompton Constitution, by Executive patronage.

Mr. Burns, of Ohio, sent up a written statement charging that Mr. Hoard intended to make a false and slanderous record against him, and that he shall hereafter treat Mr. Hoard and his slang with the contempt they merit in the estimation of all honorable men. He further denied any collusion with the President or Cabinet as to his vote, asserting that nothing of the kind had occurred either directly or indirectly.

Mr. Hoard again disclaimed any party spirit or intention to wound the feelings of any man. When he introduced the resolution, he did not suppose there would be any opposition. He contended it was a legitimate subject of inquiry, and that common fame was a sufficient ground for an investigation. There is now a common rumor that the Executive is now endeavoring to control the action of the House, or has heretofore endeavored. It was a common rumor that led to the investigation in Mr. Wolcott's case. In moving the inquiry, he was not in pursuit of a victim, but of the offender. He also stated that Mr. Morris had twice endeavored to get the floor to make some affirmation of the truth of the statement which Mr. Burns denied, relative to his vote on the reference of the Lecompton message of the President to the Committee on Territories. Mr. Smith, of Illinois, and Mr. Morris, of Illinois, both informed him (Mr. Hoard) that Mr. Burns was previously relied upon as being anti-Lecompton.

Mr. Blair, of Missouri, repeated the conversation with Mr. Morris, in corroboration of Mr. Hoard's statement.

Mr. Nichols, of Ohio, said that, when common fame was presented as the ground of investigation, it was beneath the dignity of the House to entertain the subject. The allegation against his colleague was false. He never expected, as was charged, the appointment of United States Marshal of Ohio. Members all knew, without investigation, that the power and patronage of the Executive were brought to bear in favor of the passage of Administration measures. This had been the practice of all Administrations.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, asked Mr. Nichols to make an exception in favor of John Quincy Adams, who once declared on this floor, that, while President, he never but on one occasion asked for an appointment, and that was for an applicant for the post of a deputy postmaster, in whose favor he wrote a note to Mr. McLean, who declared the applicant was unfit, and there the matter ended.

Mr. Nichols replied that there were honorable exceptions. As to Mr. Burns's vote, no member had stated on his own responsibility that there was any reason or motive for the charge. He moved to lay the whole subject on the table, including the resolution of Mr. Burns, which Mr. Hoard had accepted as a substitute.

[The substitute provided for the appointment of a committee to inquire whether any collusion had taken place between Mr. Burns and the President, and whether any improper attempt had been made, directly or indirectly, to influence the action of any member of the House on any measure on which the House has acted, or has under consideration, with the power to send for persons and papers.]

The vote was then taken on the motion to lay on the table, and it prevailed—yeas 92, nays 80.

Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, called up his volunteer bill. He was opposed to any permanent increase of the standing army, believing that volunteers were better adapted to the present emergency. He combatted the charge that volunteers are inferior to regulars, contending that the former are governed by higher considerations than the latter. He also referred, with pride, to the fact that hundreds of thousands of volunteers, at the first sound of the bugle, offered their services in the Mexican war. He mentioned that volunteers do not desert, while four thousand of the regular army had deserted in one year.

Pending the consideration the House adjourned.

On the 5th, the House was engaged in the consideration of private bills of an uninteresting character.

After the passage of several private bills, the House adjourned till Monday.

A BILL OF A VIRGINIA BELLE OF THE LAST CENTURY.—The Norfolk Argus has the following communication:—I send you the annexed invoice from England to a Virginia *belle*, bearing date more than a century ago. Apart from its antiquity, it may serve to give information as to the *fabric* to be used in the garment referred to by your Richmond correspondent. I mean the *Red Petticoat*.

A fashionable Laced Cap, Handkerchief, Tucker and Ruffles	£7 00
A fashionable Brocade Suit	16 00
3 pair Stays	2 00
1 Blue Silk Petticoat	3 00
1 SCARLET CLOTH UNDER PETTICOAT	2 00
1 pair Blue Satin Shoes, buckled and full trimmed	1 16
1 HOOP	1 00
1 pair Blue Silk Stockings	12
A fashionable Silver Girdle, £1, Fan £1	2 00
	£34 08

April 15th, 1753.

The above were intended as a ball-dress to be worn on the king's birth night.

The lady who has kindly allowed me to copy the above, is a great niece of Gen. Washington. There is before me when I am writing, the eyeglass which he used in church in following in the service of the Prayer Book. It will also surprise you to learn that there is still in existence some of the pepper and salt from the General's camp castors.

WHO ALLSOP IS.—The Morning Post says:—"The public will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that one of the principals in the late crime is an Englishman. His name is Thomas Allsop, an ex member of the Stock Exchange. The instruments of the crime have all been made to order in England, and the whole scheme and conspiracy have been hatched and matured in this country." A correspondent has forwarded the following additional particulars concerning the person thus apparently implicated in the late fearful attempted assassination:—"My suspicions are confirmed. I feared that it was Thomas Allsop who was concerned with Orsini and Pierri, in the late diabolical attempts on the life of Louis Napoleon. He was always a warmheaded and crotchety man; a friend and associate of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose 'Table Talk' he edited. He was also an intimate friend of Robert Owen. An extreme Republican, he was always a gentle-hearted man, and I cannot believe he had a guilty knowledge; but I believe he has been used as a tool. His wife, who is a perfect lady, kept for several years a *Magazin des Modes*, at 280 Regent street, London, and her business connections lay among the most aristocratic circles in London. Coleridge dined every Sunday for years with Allsop."

POPULATION OF INDIA ACCORDING TO THE LATEST RETURNS.—From a Parliamentary blue book on the Colonies, just issued, we take the following:

	Area in Square Miles.	Population.
BRITISH STATES.		
Bengal	573,778	97,763,562
Madras	132,090	22,437,297
Bombay	131,544	11,790,042
Total	837,412	131,990,901
NATIVE STATES.		
Bengal	515,533	38,702,206
Madras	51,802	5,213,671
Bombay	60,575	4,460,370
	627,910	48,376,247
Total of British and native States	1,465,322	180,367,148

TERRIBLE MURDER BY BOYS.—A terrible affair occurred at Littleton Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on Sunday night, 21st of February.

Mrs. Manly, a widow, resided there with her two sons and kept a grocery. An improper intimacy between her and a man in the neighborhood had been suspected. On Sunday the boys went away from home to be gone all night, but happened to return unexpectedly in the night. Finding their suspicions correct, enraged, they fell upon him and killed him. The boys escaped, one on an eastern train, and the other on one coming west. One was 10, the other 15 years old. The miserable victim must have died instantly, as he was stabbed seven times through the heart.

DEATH OF COM. PERRY.—Com. M. C. Perry, of the U. S. Navy, died recently in New York, in his sixty-fifth year. He entered the service in 1809, as a midshipman. He has latterly been distinguished for services in the Gulf of Mexico during the war, and as the commander of the Japan expedition. Though not so eminent as another Perry, a near relative, whose name is connected so honorably with our naval history, he still has rendered important service to his country.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Richmond Whig is out in an editorial article in favor of re-establishing the African slave trade; and, as an excuse for it, urges the "great complaints from various quarters of Virginia of the scarcity of labor," produced by "the immense draft made upon the labor of the State, during the last twelve months, by the Southern demand," which has carried off a number equal to the natural increase of the blacks. On this subject, the Whig indulges in the subjoined speculations:

"And this result was effected in the face of an immense domestic competition, which was enabled to sustain itself by the high price of tobacco and wheat. What will be the case at the end of another year, if wheat and tobacco should be depressed, and cotton high, requires no great genius for calculation to divine. The continuance of that state of things for a few years, i. e., low priced tobacco and high priced cotton, will strip the State of half its adult slave population. From what we hear, there is not at present enough slave labor here to make, even with favorable seasons, an average crop of tobacco.

"The consequences, social and political, of this process, continued, without interruption, for a few decades, are palpable and inevitable. The character of the population will undergo an entire change. The few negroes remaining will be found in the hands of a few rich men—and some hungry demagogue, like Wise, will not be wanting to raise the cry of aristocrats, and the whole institution will be swept from the statute book. In the meantime, the abstraction of labor will be followed by diminished products; and, in the transition from negroes to Yankees, the whole real property of the commonwealth will experience a disastrous depreciation."

The Whig goes on to say that France, having just re-opened the slave trade, and also just agreed to a steamship intercourse with Virginia, the importation of slaves from Africa, under French auspices, will form a good basis of commerce.

As to the re-opening of the slave trade in Mississippi, recently telegraphed from New Orleans, the Delta's article on the subject says:

"The authority on which we make this announcement is indisputable. We even have advices that, in Mississippi, Henry Hughes and some of his party, now privately urge the labor immigration movement, not to open the supply of Africans, but to legitimate, moralize, regulate and equalize the supply already opened, and impossible to be closed. We have some further details. Some negroes are disembarked on the Atlantic coast, and brought overland to the Mississippi cotton fields; but the Mississippi seaboard's peculiar facilities for landing and secreting cargoes, and the conveniences of Pearl river as a channel for distribution, are not overlooked.

"The profits of the Mississippi slave trade are enormous. We have been so fortunate as to procure from undoubted authority some interesting details. They relate to the operations of the Mississippi slave trade, and are authenticated by operators. It need not be said, in the first place, that the barque engaged in the traffic to the South must be a fast sailer, for this is indispensable to the security of the officers and crew, the health of the cargo, and the rapidity of the pecuniary returns.

"As to the expenses and profits of the voyage, the latest advices were from the captain of a barque which sailed from one of the Georgia ports. He had quite recently returned, and reports that, on account of the vigilance of cruisers, negroes had accumulated on the coast, and in a manner glutted the markets, and that, in consequence of this, the price had fallen to under thirty dollars a head. The payment, however, must be in gold or silver, as the head men will not, as formerly, barter for merchandize.

"We may estimate a cargo to number seven hundred negroes, although many more than that are often carried; but whatever the number, none purchased should be over twenty-five years of age. Seven hundred, at an average cost of thirty dollars apiece, will amount to $21,000, and their price in this country or Cuba will range from $450 to $1,200. But if so d for $500 say, the cargo will not $350,000. Freely allowing, then, $150,000 for the entire expenses of the voyage, and all possible loss, the profits of one round voyage will amount to $200,000. Where the profits are so exorbitant, we can well understand why the business has been begun in the South. We can well understand the impossibility of closing the trade now begun, and most of all, we now can understand that the great question is not whether there shall be for the South a supply of African labor, because that is now settled, and the great and absorbing question is whether, according to Hughes's method, the supply shall be so modified as to be legitimate, fair, regular and equal."

RULING RATES OF INTEREST.—Some of our neighbors, on the first announcement by telegraph of the Bank of England's reduction to 3 per cent, suggested that this rate is as low as ever before known. The mistake is a singular one, since it is not by one per cent. as low as the minimum of 1852, nor as low by a half per cent. as the rate has frequently ruled within the last ten years. The following, from the London Times, will show that 2 a 2½ per cent. has not been unfrequent during this period: "The Bank of England, to-day, have reduced their rate of discount from 3½ per cent., at which it was fixed on Thursday last, to 3 per cent. It was fully expected, yesterday, that this movement would take place, but it produced upon its announcement a further slight improvement in the funds. Nearly five years have passed since the rate was at 3 per cent., a gradual advance, with one or two short exceptional intervals, having taken place from the first of June, 1853, when it last stood at that point. Previously, however, for nearly five years—that is to say, from the date of the complete subsidence of the effects of the panic of 1847—it had steadily kept between 2 and 3 per cent. That period comprised 239 weeks, during which the *minimum* was 3 per cent. for 129 weeks, 2½ per cent. for 74 weeks, *and 2 per cent. for 26 weeks*, while the average stock of bullion was £16,836,000, the lowest amount having been £13,253,557, and the highest £22,232,138. At present the total held is, probably, about £16,300,000, and is, consequently, fully equal to the amount heretofore found consistent with a prolonged period of ease. The increase still promises to continue, since, although shipments to the Continent have again been resumed, there is no immediate sign that the sums required will be equal to those which will arrive."

THE SEA SERPENT CAUGHT.—The captain of an English vessel recently saw the sea serpent, off St. Helena, and he gives a graphic account of the appearance of that sea monster. The captain of another vessel, instead of indulging his imagination, took measures to capture the creature. It was hauled on board, and its head was covered with snaky-looking barnacles. On close inspection, it was found to be a gigantic sea-weed, twenty feet long and four inches diameter, the root-end of which appeared, when in the water, like the head of the animal, and the motion given by the sea caused it to seem alive. Both captains arrived about the same time in England, and published their different accounts of the adventure.

THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.—Speaking of the recent frauds in the municipal affairs of New York, the Post of that city remarks:—"We have got to reconstruct our elective system, and materially circumscribe its basis, or our city will not be habitable many years longer, except by pirates." The Philadelphia North American adds:—"As to the proposed reduction of the basis of the elective system, that is everywhere admitted to be extremely difficult, though it is evident that the purgation of the franchise is fast becoming an imperative necessity."

THIEVES' IMPLEMENTS.—An account appeared in the London papers some months ago, of a very complete instrument found in the possession of a thief in the metropolis for boring holes into iron safes. Since that time a much more complete instrument of the kind has been found in the possession of a returned convict at Manchester. The instrument found in London could simply drill a small hole through the iron door of a safe; that seized in Manchester cuts out a piece of iron at one operation, through which a man's hand may be inserted. The invention and workmanship are such as might have been turned out only at one of our first-rate machine shops. The instrument has been tried by Messrs. Chubb, the iron safe makers, who found that it would cut a piece out of a quarter-inch iron door in four hundred revolutions of the lever by which it is worked, or in an hour; and it had cut out a piece from a plate half an inch in thickness without being in the least injured, or rendered inefficient for further use. A singular fact in the case is, that in the thief's valise, in which the latter instrument was found, was also discovered a cogwheel belonging to the instrument seized in London, connecting the person having the one machine with the owner of the other. The person in whose possession the machine was found in Manchester escaped punishment because he was in a dwelling house with it when taken; had he been taken with it in the streets, he could have been reached by the law.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND FRANCE.—Louis Napoleon has clearly made every arrangement for the Home Office to be under his more immediate supervision. It is about to be transferred to one of the new wings of the Palace of the Louvre. So perfect a machinery of despotism has never before been completed, or even conceived, in the history of the world. That office will be the centre of France and of Europe. Here converge telegraphic wires now extending through all France and all Europe, soon to extend through all the world. *Secret passages underground* communicate with all the various forts and military rendezvous by which Paris is surrounded. Accommodations for two entire regiments of horse are contained in one of the wings of the Palace itself. This, with an army of fifty thousand soldiers around Paris, with innumerable cannon ready to pour grape on the people in a moment, and, above all, with a countless body of police, who know what is going on in every house, constitutes the strength of this centre of despotism, which yet is afraid to unmuzzle the press. What chance is there for resistance? A revolution would seem impossible. There sits General Espanasse, like a spider in the centre of his web, and he the mere cat's paw of another bigger, blacker spider, crouched back behind him in the interior of a cell like this. The idea of it is terrible.

THE ARMY REINFORCEMENTS.—The House has taken up for consideration the bill to authorize the President to accept the services of four regiments of volunteers, and to raise a regiment of mounted men for the protection of the Texas frontier.

Col. Johnston appears to be in greater danger of suffering for want of supplies than has been represented. Another despatch from him, dated Jan. 4th, and published in the States, shows that there is an urgent necessity for sending on supplies to him without delay. His provisions will not hold out longer than the 10th of June. Can the train which is to be started on the 10th March reach there in three months? It is much doubted by many practical men. If the Mormons intend to resist, they will cut off this train. But bad weather and a late spring may delay it.

DISCOVERY IN ELECTRICITY.—Dr. C. G. Page, of Washington, has discovered that positive electricity will extinguish the flame of a lamp, and negative electricity will increase it. When the flame of about two inches height is charged positively from a powerful machine, it is rapidly shortened to total extinction. When the flame is charged negatively, it is immediately enlarged, a portion of it being impelled down around the wick tube for the distance of an inch, and a portion also elongated above. This discovery, it is thought, may serve to throw some light upon the many unsolved caprices of lightning.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct		
" "	'62 —	—
" "	'67 114¾	—
" "	'68 114¾	—
" "	'65 —	—
Phila 6 pr ct	98½	98
" " new	98	99
" "	86	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	99	99
Pitts 6 pr ct	89	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County	—	—
All'gy co R R 6's	90	93
Penn		
" 5 "	97½	98
" " coupon	89	90
Penn 6 pr ct	99	99½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	100	102
Missouri 6's	84	84½
Penn R R 6 pr ct	99	100
2d m rt loan '58	99	99¼
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	93	95
P G & N R R "	90	—
Reading R R "	78	80
" m'rt "	88	—
" " 6 pr ct '85	71½	71¾
Lehigh Val 6's	75½	77
Ches Val R R "	90	98
Tiona R R "	80	—
Phil Wil & Bal		
'60 R R 6 pr ct	95	96
Long I R R "	70½	71
Sch Nav '82 "	61	61½
Lehigh Nav "	93	94
Mort "	95	—
C & D Ct "	74	75
Sus & Tid '72 "	50	51
Union Canal	40	41

	Bid.	Asked.
Phil Ger & Nor	53	55½
Reading	32	32¼
Minehill	40	41
Har & Lan	58	59½
Ches Val	4	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	25	27
Long Island	13½	13
Wilmport & Elm	12½	15
Cattawissa	7½	7½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	8	10½
" preferred	13	15½
Lehigh Nav	54	55
Morris Consol'd	49½	49
" preferred	94½	95½
C & Del	35	36
Union	5	5½
Sus & Tidewater	7½	8
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	136½	138½
Phila	117½	118
Far & Mec	101	104
Commercial	49	50
N Liberty	36	38½
Mechanics	28½	27
Southwark	42	—
P Township	34½	35
Kensington	50	—
Girard	11	11½
Western	65	70
Man & Mech	25	26
Commerce	61	—
Tradesmen's	—	—
City	44½	45
Consolidation	22	24
Commonwealth	19½	20
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	50	55
M & M Pitts	50	—
Ex'ge Pitts	50	—
Kentucky	111	112
Northern Ky	115	117
Louisville, Ky	119	122½
Farmers, Ky	120	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	98½	102
Plant's, Tenn	—	105
Com & R Vick	—	—
N O Gas Lt	110	—

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY By L. H. THOMPSON, Exchange Hotel, No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib ℔	12 a15	Leg, Loin, Chp ℔	9 a10
Sirloin steak	15 a18	Breast and Neck	6 a 9
Rump do	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	@3a3½
Chuck pieces	8 a12½	Whole carcase	7 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	6 a10	Fore quarter ℔	8
Tongues, fresh	63 a75	Hind do	11
Legs, each	31½a37½	Chop	12½
Ribs	25 a40	Cutlet	12½
Kidney

THE MORMONS IN A STATE OF DESTITUTION—BRIGHAM YOUNG'S ADDRESS TO THE TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE.

Advices from Salt Lake, by way of California, re to the 23d of December.

The saints are reduced to great straits in Salt Lake City, being nearly destitute of provisions and clothing, the army probably stopping their trains since the Mormons burnt up the army stores.

A party of Mormons, under Col. Amasa Lyman, was encamped on the Mohave Crossing, and intended to remain there till they could procure supplies of provisions, clothing and dry goods.

The camp on the Mohave cannot, however, be so devoid of the comforts of life, after all, as it might be supposed to be. It has been stated by several that since the camp was established there has been no less than fifty marriages, the young men of the party agreeing to take charge of all the young ladies, to which the latter freely consented, thus securing protection through the long journey. Not only have marriages been celebrated wholesale, in orthodox Mormon style, but the married ladies have contributed largely to the hilarity and pleasures of camp life by adding to the population—there having been no less than twenty-five births.

General Clarke has sent two companies of artillery to San Bernardino, to remain there as protection against any possible inroads by the the Mormons, until instructions are received from Washington.

The names of two of the five unfortunate gentlemen, an account of whose cold blooded murder in the Mormon settlement has already been published, from the Placerville Argus, were Aiken. They were brothers, and at the time of their leaving the lower part of the State, they had from $4,000 to $6,000 in gold. This accounts for their representations in Carson Valley. They were afterwards heard of as being in prison in Salt Lake City, where they had been robbed of all their funds. The next and last that was heard of them was the murder of all but one, who was mortally wounded. Even if the wounded man should have written to California to inform his friends of the circumstances of the sad fate of himself and of his unhappy comrades, owing to the strict espionage exercised over the Post-office Department in that revolted Territory, such a letter would never have been permitted to reach California.

Brigham Young's Address to the Territorial Legislature speaks of the mechanical and agricultural prosperity of Utah. The Sorghum or Chinese Sugar Cane has been successfully cultivated, and furnished a rich syrup, saving the necessity of sending to the States for a supply of sugar. He says:

"A small crop of a very good sample of cotton was successfully cultivated in our southern settlements during the past season, also a few stalks of indigo, and preparations are being made in that region for the production of cotton and indigo to supply our demands, as speedily as indigo seed can be procured in sufficient quantity. Madder can be raised in all our settlements, and it is a matter of astonishment that no seed of so useful and easily cultivated a plant has ever been brought into this territory, so far as I am informed, and it is to be hoped that our friends abroad will take the earliest steps to supply this want. Our quantity of wool is still far short of an adequate supply, chiefly caused by a measureably culpable inattention to the care of so valuable a class of stock as are our sheep, and to depend too much upon foreign supplies, which are at any time liable to be beyond our reach. Your influence, counsels and example can do much towards encouraging the production of wool and flax, that our spinning wheels and looms be not compelled to stand idle, and the people caused to suffer through their own improvidence in affairs within their reach and comprehension.

"The manufacture of iron has not been prosecuted with that success so fondly anticipated and so much desired, but an engine having been furnished to the company, it is expected that all compatible attention will be given to supplying an article which enters so largely into our various daily operations. In fine, there is no known limit to the resources kindly provided in the elements surrounding us—no trammel upon the skill and energies of the people to hinder any from putting forth their talents to the fullest stretch for enriching, beautifying and making heavenly the mountain and desert regions in which our lot is cast."

Brigham is very bitter on President Buchanan for sending the army into Utah. He calls it treason against the Constitution, says the army is only a mob, and calls upon the Legislature to take such measures as will secure to Utah its constitutional rights. He affirms strongly the "popular sovereignty" doctrine, that the people of Utah have a right to select who shall be their rulers, and not receive them from the President.

The Legislature backs Brigham up. It affirms that the General Government shall not force officials upon the people of Utah not of their own selection, and that no civil officer appointed by the President shall be suffered to exercise his functions in that Territory so long as they are menaced with United States troops.

The United States troops and Governor Cumming and the Territorial officers have taken up their quarters in Green River county, issued proclamations, opened court, and indicted Brigham Young and others of high treason. The Mormon Assembly has retaliated, by disorganizing Green River county and attaching it to Salt Lake county.

The Mormons are organizing an expedition to cut off Marcy's supply of animals on his return from New Mexico.

The opinion seems to be general amoog the army officers, that Young intends contesting Johnston's further progress to the utmost of his power. Still the feeling for a forward movement is general. There is no such thing as fear or hesitation in that compact little host.

The general health of the army is excellent. But one officer—Lieut. W. D. Smith, of the dragoons, is unable to attend to duty.

Since the arrival at Fort Bridger the weather has been charming, affording opportunity to the command to recruit in several particulars. The exhausted animals, what few there were left were gaining strength on the new grazing ground.

A SCOTCH MILLIONAIRE.—The will of the late Mr. Morrison, some time M. P. for the Inverness Burghs, has just been administered to in Doctor's Commons; it is among the longest upon record. Upon its production were engaged conveyancers and barristers of eminence, and during its progress to completion the testator evinced much anxiety. The estate exceeding £4,000,000, is, in such cases, sworn to as upper value. Basildon Park cost £126 000; the furniture there alone has been valued at £90,000. This mansion is to be the residence of his widow, with an annuity of £10,000 a year. The estate of Basildon is left to his son Charles, as well as the Islay estate in Scotland, which latter cost £452,000, and from its extent and vastness may be termed a principality, the owner being there styled a laird. This is let to numerous tenants. Mr. Charles is also bequeathed a round sum of £1,000,000 under the will. Mr. Morrison was possessed of Fonthill Abbey, Hove Park, Sussex; a town residence in Upper Harley street; shares amounting to £80,000 in the Victoria docks, and vast acquisitions in America.—*Banffshire Journal.*

AN EMPIRE AT THE NORTH.—An effort is making to unite the British American Colonies in one grand confederacy. The territory embraced in this contemplated confederacy is nearly three millions of square miles, and the population nearly three millions. This is good foundation for another empire.

☞ INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.—No horse ever found a mare's nest. That discovery can only be made by a donkey.

THE BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The final report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the condition of the Bank of Pennsylvania confirms the previous statements of the utter confusion of the accounts of the Bank, and the marvellous recklessness and carelessness that have characterized all its transactions. It exonerates the late President from the charge of intentional criminality, but says that "he appears not to have taken time to reflect on the consequences of his reckless management, or the trouble to look into the details of his operations." There is an item needing explanation, of $25,000 paid to some one for services in securing the purchase of the old bank building for a Post Office, and there are evidences that bills were sold by the Bank at enormous rates of usury. But there is not sufficient to explain the immense deficit in the assets of the Bank, and the disorder of the accounts make it probable that this will never be explained.

☞ A little girl hearing it said that she was born on the king's birth-day, took no notice of it at the time; but in a day or two after asked her father if she and the king were twins.

☞ A Pennsylvania editor, in an appeal to his patrons, says:—"The editor wants grain, pork, tallow, candles, whiskey, linen, beeswax, wool, and anything else that he can eat."

☞ A young American lady in Paris threatens to sue President Buchanan for breach of promise: she says that dining at her father's table years ago, he said to her—"My dear Miss, if ever I should be President, you shall be mistress of the White House."

☞ An Englishman and a Yankee were recently disputing, when the former sneering'y remarked: "Fortunately the Americans could go no farther than the Pacific shore." The Yankee scratched his prolific brain for an instant, and thus triumphantly replied: "Why, good gracious! they're already levelling the Rocky Mountains, and carting the dirt out West. I had a letter last week from my cousin, who is living 200 miles west of the Pacific shore—on made land!" The Englishman gave in!

☞ The late Joseph Bartlett was engaged as counsel by a man who had been arrested for stealing a horse. He pleaded his case with much skill and ingenuity, and succeeded in securing an acquittal for his client. The latter was expressing his gratitude to him, when he cut him short with, "My dear fellow, if I had been sitting on that jury, I would have worn out a pair of leather breeches before I would have voted for your acquittal."

☞ Men of the firmest nerves and the most established principles have need of occasional repose, in order to recruit their forces, and to recover the due tone of both body and mind.—The stoutest frame is impaired, and the hardiest virtues grew sickly and languid by unremitting exertion.

☞ Second thoughts are the adopted children of experience.

☞ THE PARENTAGE OF JOKING.—It's a wise joke, indeed, that knows its own father.—*Punch.*

☞ Raffaelle being one day asked how he had reached the point of perfection at which he had arrived, answered—"By neglecting nothing."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour continue small, and prices are firmer, but there is very little export demand, and the sales are confined to 600 bbls extra at $5, 400 bbls extra family at $5,50, and 300 bbls superfine at $4,50, and in lots to the retailers and bakers at $4,50@4,62½ ₱ bbl for common and good brands, $4,87½@5,12½ for extra, and $5,25@6 for extra family and fancy brands. Nothing doing in Rye Flour or Corn Meal, but we continue our former quotations.

GRAIN—Wheat continues dull, but the offerings are small, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 1500 bush Penna at $1,05@1,07 ₱ bush for good red, and $1,20@1,25 for fair white. Rye is taken on arrival for distilling. Sales of 1000 bbls at 70c. Corn continues in good request for shipment, but the absence of supplies restrict operations. Sales of 50,000 bush yellow, in store, at 60c. Oats are dull.

PROVISIONS—There has been little or nothing doing in the way of sales this week, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers; the stocks and receipts of all kinds are very light, and a few small lots of Pork only have been disposed of, mostly at $16,50@17 for mess, cash and time. City mess Beef is steady at $17 ₱ bbl. Of Bacon, the sales have been limited at 11@13c for Hams, 9½@10c for Sides, and 8c for Shoulders. Green Meats are very quiet, and we are only advised of a few small sales at 9½c for pickled Hams, and 7c for Shoulders. Lard is held firmly at 10½@10¾c for bbls, and 11@11½c for kegs, but there is very little selling; some country packed has been disposed of at 9½@9¾c ₱ lb. Butter is more active, and free sales have been made at 10@12c for solid packed, and 15@17c for roll, as in quality. Cheese is steady at 8@9c ₱ lb.

COTTON—The encouraging advices from Europe, noting a further advance there, and increased activity in the manufacturing districts, together with light receipts and small stocks here, have caused holders to put up their quotations ½c ₱ lb. This improvement, however, has induced spinners to hold off, and the transactions have been limited, amounting to only 400 bales Upland at 12½@13½c ₱ lb, cash, for middling and middling fair quality.

FEATHERS—The demand has somewhat increased. Sales of 6000 lbs Western at 40@42½c ₱ lb, on time.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit generally has been very quiet. Dried Apples are selling at 6@6½c ₱ lb, according to quality. Sales from 10 to 12c for unpared halves, and 14 to 18c prime pared. But few Cranberries offering.

HEMP—There is but little stock here, and no sales have been reported. Manilla at 60@1,05.

HIDES—Are held with more firmness; Buenos Ayres and Rio Grande, ₱ lb, 23@25; Brasil, 18@20; Laguayra and Caracas, 19@21; City Slaughter, salted, 7@8; Dead green Calcutta Kips, $1,15@1,20; Slaughtered Patna, $1,50@1,75.

HOPS—Attract very little attention; small sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 6@11c ₱ lb, as in quality.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues quite firm, and there has been considerable inquiry, but at figures which do not meet the views of holders. Sales of 1000 tons No 1 Anthracite at $21—No 2 at $20, and No 3 at $19, cash. Sales of 150 tons Northern Blooms at $42,50, 6 months. Scotch Pig is nominal at $25, 6 months. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron continues without change.

LEAD—The stock of Pig Lead is very much reduced; Galena, ₱ 100 lbs, $5,75; Chester County, $5,62½@5,75.

LEATHER—There has been rather more inquiry both for Spanish and Slaughter. Finished Skirting ₱ lb 30@33c; Spanish Sole, Oak, 25@30c; Slaughter do, 22@25c; Upper, rough, side, $1,75@2,25; Calf Skins ₱ doz $12@20.

TALLOW—Is held firmly. Sales of City Refined at 10½@11c ₱ lb, cash.

TOBACCO—Cuba ₱ lb 39@40c; Kentucky 7@10c; Do Maysville 9@14c; Ohio 5@9c; Maryland 5@8c; Virginia 5@8; Pennsylvania Seed Leaf 18@23c; Conn. Seed Leaf 19@22c; St. Domingo 12@30c. Manufactured Nos 1, 2 and 3, 12@20c; Ladies' Twist 20@28c; Cavendish Nos 1, 2 and 3, 18@36c.

WOOL—The demand continues quite limited, and prices have favored buyers. We reduce our quotations for all descriptions 1c ₱ lb, with the remark that there is no disposition on the part of holders to sell, except for cash. Sales of 40,000 pounds from 24c for No 1 pulled, up to 45c for full blood.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 6.—Flour is quiet; 7500 bbls sold. Wheat firm; 4000 bushels sold at $1,39 for red and $1,35 for white. Corn buoyant; 8000 bus sold at 68@75c. Pork buoyant at $16,85 for Mess, and $13,12½@13,25 for Prime. Beef buoyant at $12@13,75. Lard steady. Whiskey dull.

NEWS ITEMS.

CONNECTICUT.—NEW HAVEN, March 3.—The Democratic State Convention met here today, and nominated Gen. James T. Pratt for Governor, and John Cotton for Lieut. Governor. Resolutions approving of the policy of President Buchanan, as expressed in his Inaugural Address and subsequent Messages, were adopted, under the operation of the previous question.

THE movement in the Senate for a General Bankrupt Law is exciting much attention. It is regarded as a quasi Administration measure. Mr. Toombs has charge of it. Corporations are included in its provisions. Its object will be to protect debtors and creditors justly, and regulate commercial transactions throughout the United States. Men of all sections and parties approve of the measure.

WASHINGTON, March 6—The Grand Jury have, under the law of Congress to punish contempts of the authority of either House, found a bill of indictment against Mr. Wolcott, the recusant witness in the alleged tariff bribery case.

Jefferson Davis, (Senator from Miss.) is seriously ill, and his physicians say that he cannot enter upon active duty as a Senator for at least two months.

THE London Advertiser's Paris correspondent writes that Allsop was in Paris very recently, and was frightened away by the menaces of his confederates, who threatened to take his life because he expressed doubts respecting the success of the dreadful enterprise. He has, without doubt, escaped to America.

LOST TRAVELLER.—It is greatly to be feared that Dr. Leichardt, the Austrian traveller, has shared the fate of Sir John Franklin. Four thousand five hundred pounds have, however, been voted by the legislature of New South Wales, for the expenses of the proposed expedition to search for him. Dr. Gregory has volunteered to conduct it, and he entertains some hope that a statement made by a convict, that Dr. Leichardt is a prisoner in the hands of a tribe of Northern Aborigines, may be true.

THE papers continue to speak of the practicability of a tunnel communication between France and England, and it is even reported that with the return of spring, the practicability of a tunnel between Ireland and the coast of the United States, is to be examined.

LORD John Wentworth's mode of warding off blows aimed at his large shoulder, with heavy hickory canes is unique if not original. In his account of the attack made upon him, he says in his paper, the Chicago Democrat. "We warded off the first blow with our head." This reminds us of the famous narrative given by John Phœnix of his fight with the judge, into whose mouth he inserted his nose for the purpose of holding him down.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

WILD CHERRY BARK AND TAR, by an ingenious combination with a few other simples, afford us the surest antidote known for consumption of the lungs. Dr. Wistar, in his Balsam of Wild Cherry, has produced a remedy of untold value.

WHAT A TERRIBLE COUGH.

This is a very common expression, and yet how few give that "*terrible cough*" any attention, but let it run on, thinking it will "get well of itself." What a mistake, and how many find it to be such when too late and the disease has become incurable. Reader, if you have a cough, do not fall into this error; do not imagine that this cough will "*get well of itself*," but by a proper remedy, remove it, and thus save yourself from consumption, a disease which carries more victims than any other to the grave.

The "proper remedy," is Jayne's Expectorant, which never fails to suppress the cough, or relieve the hoarseness, and, by causing the phlegm or mucus which obstructs the lungs and air tubes to be ejected, rapidly promotes a cure. It has saved the lives of thousands and may save yours.

It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and may be obtained of their agents throughout the country.

LADIES! LADIES!

Are you afflicted with *Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Want of Energy, Weakness, Dizziness, or Sick Headache?* Read the following:

J. M. HULSEIZER, Doylestown, Pa., June 2, 1853, says:—"My wife has been afflicted with a Nervous Debility since September, 1851, since which time I have been unable to find any physician or medicine that would benefit her in the least, until one day I called at the store of Dr. Harvey, of this town, for some tincture of iron, and described to him the afflictions of my wife; he then handed me a lot of papers to read, among which I found one describing Hoofland's German Bitters. I immediately procured a few bottles from him, and am pleased to state that the use of the Bitters has done more good than all the medicine she has heretofore taken. I wish you to send me a half dozen bottles."

These Bitters are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold by druggists and storekeepers, in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies, and South America, at 75 cents per bottle. Be sure and get *Hoofland's German Bitters.*

From the New York News.

WHAT HAS CHANGED YOU SO?—We have all witnessed with astonishment the extraordinary and improved change in many a gentleman and lady, who had become prematurely gray, but who, by some means, had been miraculously rejuvenated. There is a time in life when gray hairs seem to harmonise with the furrowed brow and the wrinkled features, but unfortunately, from some cause or other, thousands of young men and women not only witness the gradual change of their locks to a "mottled and speckled gray," but are mortified by the danger of positive baldness from the actual loss of their hair. All this demands a remedy, and a safe one. We naturally look about, and ask, in this age of scientific invention, who stands highest as the *Proprietor* and *Manufacturer* of a real hair restorer—a restorer of color as well as health, a beautifier as well as a hair tonic. We find at the head of all the claimants, in this long line, a single individual. Any of the splendid heads of hair along Broadway, once falling out, dry and gray, when asked, "What has changed you so?" will reply, PROFESSOR WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 6, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
Relief Notes	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	2 dis
Solvent bks par to ½ dis		ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 to 5 dis
Solvent banks	1 to par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	½ to 1 dis	Solvent banks	2½ dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent bks par to ½ dis		Solvent banks	1½ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	State bank	1½ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Old banks	5 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	3½ dis	Solvent banks	4 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	20 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	4 dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.

THE PAIN KILLER.—Rev. T. Allen, writing from Tavoy, Burmah, Jan. 5th, 1857, says—"Within the past four years I have used and disposed of above five hundred bottles, but am now out. Please send me a fresh supply (through the Mission Rooms) as soon as you can, say two hundred bottles. I dare not be without it myself, and there are endless calls for it, both by Burmans and Karens. I always take it with me into the jungles, and have frequent occasions to use it, both on myself and others. One night, while sleeping in an open Zayate, I was awoke by a most excruciating pain in my foot. On my examination, I found I had been bitten by a Centipede. I immediately applied the Pain Killer, and found instant relief. In less than one hour I was again asleep."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Absecom, N. J., by the Rev. N. Edwards, Mr. S. HARRISON COWPERTHWAITE, to Miss MARY LYDIA HAITSBORN, both of New Egypt, N. J.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN LECHER, to Miss JANE H. EHELMER, all of Montgomery county.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. S. M. Gayley, Mr. JOHN BORDEN, to Miss ELIZABETH M. daughter of Wm. Nelson, M. D. all of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. THOMAS BANE, to Miss ANNIE THOMPSON.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. DAVID THOMPSON, of Baltimore, Md. to Miss ALICE PATTERSON, of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOHN A. MATLACK, to Miss MARTHA B. MITLER.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. K. Goddard, Mr. EDWARD HATCH, of Muscatine, Iowa, to EVELINE M. daughter of Dr. S. Barrington, U. S. N.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Wesley Kenney, JAMES G. SILBERT, to EMMA SINK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the residence of her son, in Easttown, Chester county, Pa. on the 7th day of Feb. after a short illness, MARY KARLEY, in her 85th year.

Near Milton, Pa. on the 11th ultimo, of paralysis, PHILIP HILGERT, aged 72 years.

At his residence, near Clarksville, Ohio, of dropsy, Dec. 13th, 1857, JOHN L. WILLIAMS, Esq. aged 71 years and 4 months. Deceased was a native of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 1st instant, Miss MARY KIRBY, aged 37.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. SUSAN HOLT, aged 74.

On the 1st instant, ALEXANDER KENNEDY, aged 20 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. CATHARINE BEATTES, aged 37 years.

On the 1st instant, MARIA, wife of John Shepherd, aged 64 years.

On the 2d instant, DOROTHY DAVIS, aged 86.

On the 26th ultimo, SARAH, wife of Jos. Woodhead, aged 47 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. MARY MCDOWELL, aged 75 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. ROBERT KENNEDY, aged 70 years.

On the 27th ultimo, DEBORAH PARRISH, wife of Benj. E. Carpenter, aged 62 years.

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G. G. EVANS, *Publisher and Originator of the Gift Book Enterprise*, has just issued new Descriptive Catalogues, arranged and classified with an index page for each department of literature, and containing full instructions to Country Agents, how to act, &c., which is sent free to any address. Greater inducements are offered, than can be had from other parties who are imitators of my plan of doing business. For particulars, address G. G. EVANS,
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Whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered while in the East Indies, a certain cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, and GENERAL DEBILITY. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East India Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard, and succeeded in realising his wishes. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and he has never failed in making them completely healthy and happy. Wishing to do as much good as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow-beings as request it, this recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up and successfully using it. He requires each applicant to inclose him one shilling—three cents to be returned as postage on the recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement.

Address DR. H. JAMES, No. 19 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

☞ CAUTION. ☜

I have no son-in-law authorized to send my recipe, as has been advertised. mh6-4t

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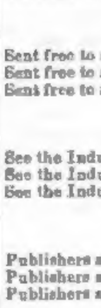

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Wit and Humor.

SLIGHT MISAPPREHENSION.—"'A new tale for boys just out,'" said Mrs. Partington, as she read the announcement on a bookseller's window in Washington street, and she smiled with the conceit that crossed her mind. She looked at Ike who was gazing into the window very wistfully at some pictures. "How do you think you would like a tail, dear?" she asked, looking from him to the placard on the window. He grinned at the question, and looking in the same direction as herself, replied, "First rate." Though the word "tale" was legitimately spelled, her mind had accepted it for a candal signification that rather ran behind the bookseller's meaning. Ike's readiness to answer rather alarmed her, and with an assumed gravity she remarked, "You would like to have a tail, would you? Well, well, boys are so apt to act like monkeys, that they may want to look like them." "It is a story," said Ike, who saw through the mistake she had made. "Don't be impenitent, Isaac," said she; "never say anybody tells a story, because it's just as bad as saying they lie. It isn't good manners." "It is a story book that's just out," persisted the juvenile. "Why," responded she, "so it is! what a mistake it was! I declare I believe I am losing my sensations." She moved onward, thinking what a queer mistake she had made, and Ike amused himself by moving on behind a big man, in a vain endeavor to keep up with his stride.—*Boston Gazette.*

CONTROLLING HER TEMPER.—The husband of a lady of fiery temper, says that before their marriage he was warned of her fiery disposition, and to test the accuracy of the information, one evening, as he sat next to her at dinner, he managed cleverly to jog the servant's elbow, as a plate of mock turtle soup was offered her, which of course was upset over the young lady's white dress of tulle lace. No complaint, nor even a frown, being evinced, the delighted suitor concluded that what he had heard was a mistake, and the marriage took place; but soon the lady's real character displayed itself, as is always the case after marriage, but never before, and his wife like a human Stromboli, was subject to fiery eruptions every ten minutes upon an average. "How is it, my dear," said the happy husband, "that having such a bad temper, you stood the ordeal by soup so well?" "Why," answered the lady, "I may have appeared indifferent at the time, but, good heavens! you should have only gone into my room a little while afterwards, and seen the marks of my teeth on the bedpost?"

A GOOD ARGUMENT.—It has been customary for some time, when a man is arraigned before a court of justice, for his counsel to put in a plea of insanity on behalf of the accused. Yesterday an old negro man applied to us for instruction how to proceed against one of his race, whom he charged with purloining a dollar from him. He told us that he had placed three silver dollars in a small but strong box, which he kept in his room; that a few days ago Handy Andy (we will call him) broke the box open, took a dollar therefrom and decamped. We told him it was useless to prosecute Andy unless he had proof to substantiate his charge, and then probably the accused would be acquitted on the plea of insanity, as no sane man would take one and leave two dollars behind. The old man exclaimed with great emphasis, "Mass, I tell you dat nigger ain't crazy; he broke my box open and took de dollar out. Now, if he had broke de box open and put a dollar in, den I say he's crazy." His argument was conclusive, and we sent him to the clerk of the Police Court.—*Louisville Democrat.*

SUSCEPTIBLE LANDLORD.—"I'll let you the house," said a landlord, somewhat advanced in years, and a widower, to a gentleman, a few days since, "on one condition." "What may that be?" "That you will never allow your wife to ask me for repairs." "Very singular request, sir." "That may be—but I know, I have let houses for twenty years—and I know." "But for what reason do you ask this condition?" "I can never get away from these women-folks without doing all they wish. Why, sir, I let a little house to a widow lady, and one day she met me, and said—'Mr. ——, my sink wants painting, and I think it would be economy for you to have it done.' I thought so, too, and I sent a painter. What do you think! before I got out of the house, she had so coaxed me with reasons and entreaties, that I gave an order to paint the house from top to bottom. Agree to the condition, and have it put in the lease, and the house is yours as long as you want it."—*Punch's Almanac.*

WORDSWORTH'S SOLITARY WITTICISM.—One evening at Talfourd's the conversation turned upon wit. Moore, Sydney Smith, Barham, and many eminent men were there. Wordsworth, the great poet, said—"I don't think I ever was witty but *once* in my life!" This, of course, induced all to beg he would relate his solitary witticism. "Some time ago," continued Wordsworth, "as I was standing at my gate at Rydal Mount, a man came up to me, and asked if I had seen his wife pass that way? Whereupon I said—'Why, my good man, this is the first time that I have heard that you ever had a wife,'" when Wordsworth stopped. All roared with laughter at the absurdity, and the old poet to his dying day considered the merriment his obtuseness occasioned, as a tribute to his wit.

SINGULAR ORIGIN OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE.—William Magina told a capital story of the origin of the Welsh language. It was to this effect: When the Tower of Babel was being built, the workmen all spoke one tongue. Just at that very instant when the "confusion" occurred, a mason, trowel in hand, called for a brick. The assistant was so long in handing it to him, that he incontinently flew into a towering passion, and discharged from the said trowel a quantity of mortar, which entered the other's windpipe, just as he was stammering out an excuse. The air, rushing through the poultice-like mixture, caused a spluttering and gurgling, which, blending with the half-formed words, became that language ever since known as Welsh.

A FINE DISPOSITION.

AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.—"Come, Polly—if I AM a little irritable, it's over in a minute!!"

A GOOD JOKE.—A Washington letter writer tells the following:

A verdant gentleman from one of the bucolic districts of the country, and of the name of Greene—spelled with an e—came to hand a few days since, and put up at a fashionable hotel—He had been imprudent enough in the cars to repeat the opinion of his pastor "to home," that Washington was a thankless and graceless place, wherein merit such as his (Greene's) was too often suffered to pine away unrecognized. Next morning early, certain wags went to the bar, and depositing two new half dollars, gave orders to send up a cocktail, with Mr. Buchanan's compliments, every ten minutes, to number forty-eleven, until the amount should be expended. Greene was waked from dreams of home at five minutes past seven, A. M., by a boy with the concoction referred to, which Greene imbibed. At fifteen minutes past came another boy, and another "appendage"—the latter of which Greene also "took." At twenty-five minutes past came another, and twenty-five minutes *to* the dose was repeated. He made increment of them all. Finally, the liquor continuing to come, Greene made a rush for the staircase—

"His———(drapery)—
Streaming like a meteor on the troubled air"—

and called over the balustrade: "Hold on there!—hold on!—does the President think I can control *all* the votes of my State?"

CALIFORNIA JUSTICE.—In the palmy days of the California fever, one Charley McCabe was Alcalde of the county of San Francisco. He was a jovial fellow, and in his decisions spared neither friend nor foe! Dick Robinson, a friend of Charley's once while on a spree, had the audacity to cut off a Chinaman's tail close to the head, for the which he was called up before McCabe to answer for damages. After hearing the complaint of John Chinaman and Dick's defence, our Alcalde gave his decision that the latter should pay a "slug," ($50) fine; the which Dick did. The Chinaman's eyes flashed with grateful satisfaction as he held out his hand for the eight cornered gold piece. But that was not Charley's purpose, for putting the "slug" in his vest pocket and motioning John away with his hand he replied,

"No! no! John, that's for the law!"

The Chinaman's countenance fell as he walked out of the court room, not understanding the justice of California. The "court" adjourned and invested the fine in a champagne supper.—*N. Y. Leader.*

THE TROUBLES OF THE INDUSTRIOUS.—Not the least of the troubles of a busy man is to protect himself, at he sitteth in his home or goeth about the ways of the world, from the great banditti of the idle. Does an idle man like conversation? he obtains it, not from some man equally yawning and vacant with himself, but from some active and well-plenished mind which cannot properly spare him a moment, though he generally contrives to take an hour. Say he dabbles in literature, and, in attempts at easy writing, makes, as usual, somewhat hard reading; to whom does he apply to get his diction trimmed and his work licked into shape, but to some poor, over-driven steer of the press, whose every minute is required for his ordinary and unavoidable labor, or who can only spare for this supererogatory drudgery some intervals of leisure which he ought rather to spend in healthy exercise, or that to him greatest of all luxuries, simple vacation of mind? The idle never think of plundering the idle; they are a set of luxurious dogs, and regard no booty as worth having unless it be a serious depriation to its former owners. It is upon the fully or over-occupied man they like to prey. Five minutes from such a person is a greater acquisition than a whole day from one who has only a little to do.—*Robert Chambers.*

MACAULAY AND PENN.—Lord Macaulay has shown an obstinacy in his misstatements about William Penn unworthy of his great reputation. Only two points are relied upon to confirm the "Quaker's" conviction: that the name of Penn and other persons were spelt differently at different times, and that the George Peone in question was not a man with whom a Secretary of State would have corresponded. Lord Macaulay's suggestion has no force whatever. We are sorry to find that he will not be set right, and refuse to modify an inaccurate passage in a history of which the nation, as well as himself, is proud. The point has been proved against him to demonstration, and it would have done him no discredit to recast a paragraph for the sake of historical honesty.—*London Leader.*

Agricultural.

CITY FOLKS AND VILLAGERS, KEEP A COW!

How long have our ears been pained with the *truthful* reports of the great increase of sickness and death, especially among children, resulting from bad milk—swill-milk from diseased cows fed on distillery slops; milk rendered unfit for human use by a large admixture of chalk; milk brought from a long distance in wagons, and over railroads, and spoiled, or ready to spoil before it reaches the consumer; mixed milk from a score of cows, some of them sick, some fed on one kind of food and some on another. These complaints are more frequent in our large cities, but they are not confined to these, for there are few villages where a majority of families can obtain a full supply of fresh, pure, rich milk.

All agree that really good fresh milk, from healthy and properly fed cows, is the best possible food for children and youth. But *how* shall we get it? This question has been asked of us many times lately by subscribers in this metropolis. We know of no better answer than to say

KEEP YOUR OWN COW.—This is, perhaps, not so difficult and expensive a matter as you may imagine; even a good cow costs comparatively little at first. She requires less room than one would suppose; and she will almost invariably pay her keep and a profit in milk. Let us give an example:

A neighbor of ours, a poor widow, has a small, snug-built cow, *farrow*, (which is a valuable requisite in a cow furnishing milk for young children.) This cow cost $40. To keep her, aside from stable rent, costs about $1,50 per week, for good hay, ship feed, and succulent matter, such as cabbage leaves, turnips, &c. She calved eight months since, and now averages six quarts of excellent rich milk daily. This sells readily to the neighbors for six cents a quart, making $2,52 worth of milk a week, which is equivalent to $1 a week, or $52 a year for the trouble of keeping, or $12 over her cost. Of course, in summer, with green food, she gives much more than this. A part of last summer she gave 14 to 18 quarts of milk daily.

Now this cow has no more room at present than could be obtained by nine-tenths of the wealthier people of most cities and villages. With the usual help, the trouble of keeping would not increase the family expenses. And what is a few dollars extra, when you are paying hundreds, perhaps, every year, to promote the health and physical as well as mental development of your offsprings?

HOW SHALL WE FEED THE COW? ask several city readers of the *Agriculturist.*

ANS.—If not short of storage room, procure a small load of *loose* hay, as brought to market on wagons; the quality can be better seen than when compressed into bales. If cramped for room, get a few bundles of baled hay. A straw or hay cutter of moderate size costing from $3 to $6, will be requisite. Straw or corn stalks will answer very well as an occasional substitute for alternating with hay.

Procure at a feed store, a few bags each of ground feed (corn and oats ground together,) and as much shorts, (wheat bran,) and you have all that is really necessary. It is advantageous to give a little green food, such as turnips or potatoes occasionally. Saw a barrel in two, for a couple of boxes, one to mix and the other to feed in. Cut a quantity of hay and mix about *half a bushel* of it with *three quarts* of the ground feed, and as much of the shorts, wetting it until the meal adheres to the hay. In very cold weather it is better to heat the water a little. Feed a "mess" of this kind and amount to the cow in the morning, and as much more at evening, and fodder with dry, uncut hay at noon.

Give as much pure soft water to the animal, twice a day, as she will drink. It often happens that a quantity of turnips, carrots, parsnips, cabbages, or beets, are left on the hands of vegetable dealers which can be cheaply purchased. They form a valuable addition to the "mess," cut and mixed with it.

It is also better for the animal to have an occasional change of diet. Carrots, especially, are very good for stock of all kinds, and may be fed to milch cows without affecting the milk unfavorably which turnips will sometimes do when fed in large quantities. When turnips are fed they should be given at, or just after milking, so there is then less danger of their giving an unpleasant taste to the next milking.

A cow provided for as above, with her apartments kept clean, and neat, and well ventilated, will furnish a large supply of nice, rich *healthful* milk, to say nothing of cream for the coffee. And unless you give an enormous rent for the small space of ground she must occupy as stable room, "*she will much more than pay her way.*"—*American Agriculturalist.*

TO RAISE EXTRA EARLY POTATOES.—Cover the bottom of several shallow boxes with six inches of equal parts stable manure and loam and put any early variety of potatoes over the surface two or three inches apart; then cover them with six inches of the compost. Nail slats or an open cover over the top, and bury in the side of a fermenting manure heap, the warmth of which will soon start the potatoes into growth. If the heat should be too great, remove a portion of the manure from the top, and admit air inside the box. When the weather will allow planting out, remove the boxes, which will contain a mass of roots and whitish colored stalks. Leave them in the open air for a few days to harden off, and having watered them copiously, take out the potatoes with as much earth as possible, undisturbed about the roots already formed, and transplant in rows. You will then have potatoes at least two or three weeks earlier than when planted at first in the open grounds. The middle or latter part of March will be a proper season for putting them in the compost heap, in this latitude.—*American Agriculturist.*

PEACH BORER PLASTERED UP.—We lately heard of a fruit-grower who, after cutting out a number of grubs from his peach trees, thought he would *try* the experiment of *walling* in a few. So he took some pure white clay, and plastered up the holes left by the gentlemen within. The clay soon became dry, the wound healed over, and, of course, the borers were smothered.

Taking a hint from this, we, last summer, cut off the retreat of a borer in one of our young English elms. He had worked his way into the tree, an inch or more, and then ascended, pushing behind him, and out of the hole, the debris made by his incisors. With a sort of malicious delight, we cleared out the mouth of the hole with a knife, and then filled it up with a mixture of gum-shellac, made of about the consistency of thick cream. This dried very soon, and, of course, gave the borer an air-tight parlor, which was fatal to his health and future explorations.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

MILDEW.—The vine mildew having made its appearance in one of my houses, I tried the following plan of curing it:—Having shut the house quite close, I got four large flower pots and half filled them with lumps of quick lime; having sprinkled it with water, I strewed a handful of sulphur on each pot, and let it steam up through the vines till it quite filled the house with steam. The following morning I opened all the ventilators, and gave the house a good syringing till I quite saturated it. I repeated the same the following day, when I found that the mildew had wholly disappeared. I have also tried the remedy for red spider in a peach-house, and I soon found it to vanish. If gardeners will use sulphur in this way they will find no ill effects from it; as soon as they have strewed it on the lime they can leave it till the following morning.—*J. J., in London Gardeners' Chronicle.*

CUTTING GRAFTS.—Scions for grafting can be cut at any time during the winter or spring, and if properly preserved, are in a better condition than when permitted to remain on the parent tree until the buds have begun to swell. If cut when the ground is frozen, they can be preserved in the cellar in sand slightly moistened occasionally; or if the ground be not frozen, they can be stuck two or three inches into the soil, and left there in perfect safety until needed.

We find it to be a good plan to stick the scions in the ground at the bottom of the tree from which they are taken, by which the name is safely retained. We have never found cold weather following the cutting of scions and partially covering them with earth, to be the least detriment to them.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE MERCY OF COOKERY!—Louis XVI. had a cook famous for his dish of *eels.* He cooked them thus:—"Take one or two *live* eels; *throw them into the fire.* As they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is decidedly the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil which is unpalatable."

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO WASH FLANNEL.—In answer to a correspondent, we quote the following:—

Some washerwomen possess quite a knack in washing flannel, so as to prevent its fulling. It is not the soapsuds, nor rinsing waters, that thicken up flannel in washing, but the rubbing of it. Cloth is fulled by being "pounced and jounced" in the stocks of the fulling mill with soapsuds. The action of rubbing flannel on a washboard is just the same as that of the fulling mill. Flannel, therefore, should always be washed in very strong soapsuds, which will remove the dirt and grease, by squeezing, better than hard rubbing will in weak soapsuds. It should also be rinsed out of the soap in warm water, and never in cold, as the fibers of the wool do not shrink up as much in warm as in cold water, after coming out of warm soapsuds. Great care should be taken to rinse the soap completely out of the flannel. This advice will apply to the washing of blankets, the same as it does of flannel.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A writer in the National Intelligencer says that spirits of hartshorn is a certain remedy for the bite of a mad dog. The wound, he adds, should be constantly bathed with it, and three or four doses, diluted, taken inwardly during the day. The hartshorn decomposes, chemically, the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deleteriousness. The writer, who resided in Brazil for some time, first tried it for the bite of a scorpion, and found that it removed pain and inflammation almost instantly. Subsequently, he tried it for the bite of a rattlesnake, with similar success. At the suggestion of the writer, an old friend and physician tried it in cases of hydrophobia, and always with success.

BOILS.—The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it. It will draw off the matter, and relieve the soreness, in a few hours.

NEW GRAFTING WAX.—Take two ounces of common rosin, melt it slow over a fire, being careful not to heat it so much as to make it throw off its spirit of turpentine. When it becomes clear as syrup, add a little less than one ounce of alcohol, and mix well and put in a bottle at once and cork tight. Alcohol is to be added sufficient to make the mixture liquid and keep it so, and when applied to trees it hardens at once and forms an air-tight covering.

REMEDY FOR HORSES CATCHING THE REINS UNDER THEIR TAILS.—An inquirer is informed that an enlargement of the crupper, in the extreme back part of the bow, has, to my certain knowledge, worked a complete cure of the common evils consequent upon the catching of the line under a horse's tail when in harness. A crupper one and a quarter to one and a half inches in diameter, buckled suitably taut, will most commonly neutralize an attempt of the horse to bind or confine the line.—*Country Gentleman.*

CANDLE WICKS.—A small wick feeds the melted tallow to the flame more slowly than a large one, and consequently the small wick candles burn the longest.

The best candles we have tried, had a wick made of four cords of common pack-thread, twisted together, for a candle three-fourths of an inch in diameter. This will give an idea of the proper size of the wick, yet it may without inconvenience be smaller. It is much better, both for convenience and economy, and for the eyes, to burn two candles at once with small wicks and a clear, steady light, than one only with a large one, giving off a large, dancing, smoking flame.—*Country Gentleman.*

ROSE-COLORED PUDDING.—I send you the recipe for making one of the nicest desserts I have ever seen. It has the twofold recommendation of being at once beautiful and delicious.

The day before you wish to serve this pudding, you must take as many *sweet* apples as will cover the bottom of your baking-dish, (which should be *white* ware,) peel and core them, putting a stick of cinnamon in the place of the core; put them in a kettle, with barely water enough to cover them; add sufficient sugar to make a thin syrup, and boil until the apples are transparent and tender, taking great care to preserve them whole. When done, set aside to cool. At night pour a pint of boiling water over a large cup of sago. The next morning place your apples in the baking dish, and pour the sago over them. Bake a few minutes, and set in a cool place. Serve cold, with sweetened cream, flavored with wine for sauce.—*Home Circle.*

ENGLISH DRESS IN AMERICAN EYES.—The Home Journal has a correspondent who saw the royal wedding. She gives the following among her experiences:

In the meantime my eyes were industrious enough, and my tongue, too, as for that matter; but I made so many ludicrous mistakes with the latter felicitous article, that I gave up in despair, gazed, and said nothing. Like Dame Partington, I couldn't open my mouth but I put my foot into it. Twice only my rebel tongue was too much for me.

"Fred," said I, after a prolonged silence, "who is that distinguished nobleman just opposite—the one all gold lace and silk stockings?"

"That," replied Fred, trying to hush down a malicious laugh; "that is Lord B———'s *footman!*"

"Oh, lord!" thought I. "Well, then, Fred," I ventured again, "whose footman is *that?*" and I pointed with my bouquet to a modestly dressed man who was leaning against a pillar beneath us, and looking at everything with a pair of cold, gray eyes. "Whose footman is that?"

"That," said Fred, "is Lord B. himself."

After that I kept still, but I thought to myself, "What a land is this where the footmen wear all the good clothes!"

SPRAINS.—It is an old saying, "that a sprained ankle is worse than a broken leg." We are not friendly to either, and know half a dozen things that we should prefer. But the danger of a sprain may be judged of by the following facts, set forth by a surgeon of Paris: He says, that of 78 amputations of the leg or foot, 60 were caused by sprains. One must, therefore, not treat with contempt a sprained ankle;—bandaging, with strong pressure, is recommended.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 10, 6, 23, 31, 18, 4, was an English military officer who served with distinction in North America, in the middle of the last century.

My 2, 15, 9, 29, 19, 29, 8, was one of the most distinguished Orientalists of our age.

My 3, 22, 11, 16, 29, was chapel-master of Augustus, King of Poland, Elector of Saxony, and one of the most eminent musical composers of the 18th century.

My 5, 13, 26, 14, 29, 33, 5, 29, embraces the whole subject of the traffic and intercourse of nations.

My 6, 18, 23, 29, 8, is a vegetable product, very similar in its properties to sugar.

My 11, 25, 14, 30, 29, 19, was a Prophet, and the last of the Judges of Israel.

My 12, 27, 31, 9, 33, was a poet celebrated for his immortal works, as well as his unhappy fate.

My 17, 35, 7, 28, was the first Major General in the American Army.

My 19, 33, 5, 30, 11, 37, is one of the hardest, strongest, and most valuable of our native trees.

My 20, 27, 7, 10, is one of the most common of all games of hazard.

My 21, 29, 23, 13, 25, is a Sardinian dukedom, and a city on the Mediterranean sea.

My 28, 15, 26, 25, 9, is one of the most prolific French authors of the present time.

My 28, 22, 24, 12, 29, was one of the most distinguished men of whom history makes mention.

My 32, 22, 7, 16, 6, was President and Professor of Philosophy in the University of Vermont.

My 34, 29, 23, 2, was a navigator to whom the discovery of America, prior to the voyage of Columbus, has been attributed.

My 36, 29, 29, 28, was President of the Supreme Council of Pennsylvania.

My 35, 7, 32, 16, 37, 36, 18, 4, 24, was Secretary of the State of Pennsylvania in 1800, was elected U. S. Senator in 1804, was appointed Minister of France, and in the war of 1812 was appointed Brigadier General in the U. S. army.

My whole is the name of the greatest composer of music this world ever produced.

St. Louis, Mo. JOHN KENNARD, JR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first ordained a time of rest,
Though now 'tis one of toil,
'Tis bake and scour, and scrub and sweep,
All hubbub and turmoil.

My second comes, the work's all done,
Papa has come to tea,
And in our cosy dining-room
We sit down cheerfully.

Mamma is seated at my third,
And breaks the nice fresh roll,
And asks papa, with smiling face,
To please to get my whole.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

A traveller rode through the gloom of night,
Nor moon nor star beam gladdened his sight;
While the storm in fury around him burst,
With anxious eyes he sought my first.

II.

Through the gloom of the forest he sought a guide,
But no friendly voice to his shouts replied,
Save the voice of a peasant, as he homeward passed,
And my second was heard on the whistling blast.

III.

Oh, had I my third, said the traveller, to-night
I had not been here in this awful plight;
I had not stirred out from my own fireside,
To be lost in this forest without a guide.

N. Y. JAMES PRINGLE LITTLE.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Erase my 1, 6, transpose, and I am seen on the fingers of all ladies.

Erase my 2, transpose, and I am the fate of many in battle.

Erase my 2, 3, 6, and I am the cause of many prayers.

Erase my 4, 5, 6, and I am a nickname.

Erase my 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, and I am a personal pronoun.

Erase my 1, 2, 4, 5, and I am continually in law.

Erase my 2, 5, transpose, and I am part of a ship's rigging.

Erase my 3, transpose, and I am a small animal.

My whole is a small village in Iowa.

LAZARAS.

MENSURATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The difference in the products of an area of a parallelogram, when multiplied by the longer or shorter sides thereof, is 2,268, and the proportion that those two sides themselves have to each other are as 7 is to 4. Required the area?

DANIEL DIEFFENBACH.

Crotzersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ At what period in the history of the Jews did they resemble Stilton cheese? Ans.—When they grew mitier and mitier under More decai.

☞ What is the difference between Henry VIII. and a man in deep thought? Ans.—One was a fat king, and the other is a *thin-king.*

☞ What did the cat say as she looked out of the window when the Ark got aground? Ans.—"*Is that 'ar a rat?*"

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A spoke from the wheel of time.
A piece of a broken voice.
A piece of (dis) cord.
Some filings from the "Iron heel of oppression."
Some leaves from the tree of a saddle.
A cart-load of gravel from the hill of science.
Some brains from the head of a barrel.
Some of the bark of a dog.
A spool of the thread of discourse.
A lock suited to (whis) key.

Pittsburg, Pa. WM. BINGHAM, JR.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Mount Pleasant Seminary. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Henry Clay. CHARADE.—Kingfisher.—RIDDLE.—Milton. PROBLEM.—A receives 24,716 feet, B 15,284 feet diameter; where separated, 4,2358 feet.